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Test tube test, emergency health warnings, teen changes (the week), airplanes and the more you see page 67

COMPUTER CULTURE: TELECOMPUTING FOR TOYS by Tim Miller; HIGH ART HITS THE HOME SCREEN by Edlin Stein; WORKING: BARRIES FROM BOTTLES by Carol Cinc; CORPORATE CULTURE REVISITED by Mark Schatz; PIONEERS by Randall Rothenberg; BODY & SOUL: TONICOLOGY WITHOUT TEARS by Eleanor Smith; MEDITATING EN MASSE ON SURVIVAL by Patricia Westfall; CHANGES: KEEPING TRACK OF TOMORROW'S TRENDS; MAKING SENSE OF THE CENSUS; T-SHIRT BLOOPERS by Jonathan Joseph; FUTURE TENSE: WHAT'S NEW IN THE NEW AGE, PART ONE by Ron Rosenbloom; GENERAL PATENTS by Martin Morse Wausler

THE ESQUIRE TRAVELER, SUMMER 1985: FOLLOWING PAGE 140

THE AMERICAN TRAVELER	THE FOREIGN TRAVELER: THE EYES OF COLOMBIA by Jan Morris	19
STALKING ALASKA by Michael Kinsley	OFF THE BEATEN TRACK: TAMING MOOSE RIVER by Peter N. Wilson	36
The great outdoors is okay, but let's keep nature in its place. Our fearless correspondent prefers the hotel papper to the tent	THE BUSINESS TRAVELER: NEWS & ADVICE by David Reed and Jane E. Leaky	27
See The Traveler page 2	THE ACTIVE TRAVELER: THIRTY GREAT ADVENTURE VACATIONS by Neal Karlen and Wendy Lane	34
	DATeline: EUROPE: A BASED BAIERER TO THE SEASON'S BEST by Carol and Neil O'Neil	51
	SHOOTTRACKED: THE HORND AND THE FURY by Alan Furst	57
	ROAD NOTES: I KEEP MOVING by Blanche McCrory Boyd	63

DEPARTMENTS

BACKPAGE: The Prince and the Piper by Lee Eisenberg	9
THE ESQUIRE JOURNAL: The Time of Your Life by Philip Magill	13
THE SOUND AND THE FURY	19
AMERICAN BEAT: Alice Doesn't Live There Anymore by Bob Greene	35
ETHICS: A Man of Progress by Harry Sholt	37
SPORTS CLINIC: The Racket Revolution by Wayne Kuylen	43
SPORTS SCENES: Of Parents and Children by Pete Dexter	46
BOOKS: Sidney Sheldon, Seriously by James Kaplan	209
INSIDE MOVIES: The Business of Show Business	212
THE REVIEWER: An Eclectic Guide to the Lover's Arts	214
OVERNIGHT: The Kids by Paul Bab	216

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THE ESQUIRE JOURNAL

BY PHILLIP MOFFITT

THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE

Doesn't every man run the risk of being trapped by the very success he enjoys?

IT IS a cold and gray Sunday afternoon in January. I am sitting at a desk, looking out a closed window at the Fifty-ninth Street Bridge and Manhattan's East River. There is a fax in the fireplace and the phone is quiet, and it should be a good moment, but somehow it isn't.

I am always confounded by how easy it is to lose one's perspective, to forget the priorities that have been so gratefully learned in life, to forget what one must do to be a person who is truly at peace with himself. Moreover, in each year passes, it seems more and more imperative to me that a man remember day to day just what he is about, how he grows, and what makes him feel good about himself.

Thinking back, there was a day last summer when I felt an extraordinary presence was particularly close, and now, at this moment, trying my best, I cannot begin to recapture the spirit of that day.

It was a summer day made to order for working outdoors. At least it was in Greenwich, Connecticut, where I happened to be on a Monday in the early part of July. The sun was shining—warm but not hot, aided by the company of a soft breeze. The sky was that rare rich blue, appearing so deep that the eyes could sink into it. I told myself to remember this day in all its details—the way the sun reflected on the leaves of the big maple tree, the sound of the water splashing against the side of the pool, and the ripe, red blooms of the legumes.

It was not the weather or even working outside that I really wanted to remember. It was the attitude I had toward my work that I wanted to plant firmly in my mind. I had been outside for hours, sitting in a tall-length lounge chair, my ever-present yellow writing pads in my lap and the financial spread sheet for the budget of *Esquire* in my hand. I was deeply involved in planning for the future, without the interruption of ringing telephones and day-to-day crises that occur in an office. I found that as



I considered various opportunities for the magazine, I began weighing the personal costs of those opportunities rather than letting my confusion for challenges simply overwhelm all other considerations, which is what usually happens.

Learn from this day, I told myself. Learn that you can order your priorities and act accordingly.

Now, six months later, as I watch the scene of city life unfold in the streets below me, this question of ordering priorities is much on my mind. I know two men who are living laugh situations in the new year begins, because they have been unable to sort out their priorities.

One is a well-known writer who has become rich and famous over the last fifteen years because he developed a unique style of writing a book. Almost everybody has read something by this author, and he is widely admired for the quality of his work. All his life he has been driven to be pub-

lished, read, and recognized for his talent. And he has achieved it all, to the point that he is now struggling with the trap created by his own success. His problem is that he has outgrown his old style of writing a book, the simple formula, it so often provides him any consolation. He knows it is time to change, that he has only a few years of his full creative power remaining, and that these years should be spent on a book project that will ensure his full passion for great work. But he doesn't know that a new style will work for him, there are no guarantees that he will be artistically successful. I have spent hours and hours with him as we debated his immediate dilemma—whether or not to accept a publication-dollar advance to do one another of his formula books or to give this time to begin his own book without big money and no assurance of success. His question: How do I know how much I am willing to be worth the sacrifice? Most

of the times he considers this question, he concludes that he will release the offer and take the risk of going with his heart, but he has yet to give a final no.

The other fellow is a very successful company manager in his forties who has been considered a boy wonder ever since he got his first presidency title at age thirty-six. He is the classic achiever, right out of the old school: hardworking, well organized, honest but tough, and very demanding. An executive who has always been the first-born boy of top management, he has begun to discover that the "good guy" work style that got him to the top has limited him in whatever ways. And he is very upset. It seems that one of the reasons for his rapid rise up the corporate ladder is that he's never acted the rebel, never pursued his own ideas or vision if it meant running the risk of disappointing his superiors. "Corporate failure." Now, although one of the best leaders in his in-

darity. He finds himself psychologically tied to one corporate structure or another, limited to implementing the whims and goals of others. Ultimately, he is doing the same job he was doing ten years ago, but on a higher scale. He recently missed a wonderful opportunity to strike out on his own, not because of financial worries (he is already worth a couple of millions), but because he is petrified by the thought of failure. This is a man who, despite becoming more anxious and depressed each year, endures being the aging boy wonder rather than face the horrible uncertainty of a new venture. Not that I can often have helped much help to him, because he won't recognize the problem or even admit that there is a cause for his depression.

SETTING HERE Listening to the crackle of the fire and the sounds of Sunday traffic as people return to the city from their weekend trips, I immediately identify myself with both the writer and the executive. Doesn't every man get trapped by the very success he enjoys? It is no leisure that traps a person, for failure, by definition, forces one to try something new. But how does one break out of a pattern of success, reoriented how outstanding or unchallenging it has become?

What is so striking about my two friends is that their success is so great it has left them with no good excuse. Both feel an angst and each has the power to make a change that might relieve it. How many thousands of men and women are in a similar position, trapped not by failure but by their success? In business, this problem is referred to as burnout, in sports it's "losing the edge," in teaching it's "lack of enthusiasm," and in a number of professions it is called a "lack of creative initiative."

I, too, know these feelings of frustration, feel myself unable to break an old pattern, and I have a nagging fear that eventually it will trap me. My pattern, which must be broken, is that I love crisis management and do it well, so there is little to remind me that my priorities in life have changed and that my work pattern must also change. What is so wonderful about that summer day in Connecticut was that I felt as though I were at last leaving how to break that old pattern and could learn to pursue professional goals with a flexibility and spontaneity that would allow me a more enjoyable life than I had thus far permitted myself.

Crisis management places you in situations that contain a built-in and overwhelming source of urgency, which dictates that nothing is as important as simply getting done what needs to be done right now. All personal concerns are pushed aside to accomplish the immediate task. Crisis management creates a team spirit that gives a wonderful feeling of coming to the work at hand. It is like being on a lifeboat on an unknown sea far from land, in the

and soon the mind develops an adrenaline habit. It is stimulating, it is fun.

There is absolutely nothing wrong with this adrenaline surge—in fact, it is a fast lane for all high achievement. And crisis management can be effective, but it is too draining, too disorienting, and it cuts the personal life, leaving higher priorities. Even if it is successful in what it produces, it is still "constraining"—a term that has gotten out of hand. The hard truth is that any person who lives in a constant state of crisis is really only avoiding coping with other facets of life.

When I was in my twenties I thrived on crisis management. It was my method for learning, for defining, for taking a situation, daydreaming about and making it a fact. Only recently have I learned that as one matures, work must begin to fit into the pattern of a personal life instead of subjugating it. Work can remain a priority, provided there is a powerful connection established between the drive for success and the needs of the personal life. On that July day last summer I was working and phoning from such a perspective, and I felt the possibility of that balance for my own life.

As I sat here surrounded by evening shadows, looking out the window at the top boats going down the East River, I want to believe that my writer's hand can write more than the businessman and on the book he really wants to do, and I hope that somehow the corporate executive will find a way out of his dilemma, although I fear for him. As for myself, I hope always to be one who travels rough seas in search of adventure, but in a well-built, well-oiled boat with strong sails, not in a lifeboat.

I know there is a call for action on my part to remember my priorities, so that I will not chase after the new storm. But the exact nature of those priorities, personal and professional, continues to escape me. When I try to make such a commitment, my mind darts from one subject to another like the flames flickering in the fireplace before me.

For now, I find myself feeling the pressure of the day's ending. It's getting colder outside, the fire needs another log, and I've a long "to do" list on my yellow pad that must be completed before Monday morning begins another week.

PHILIP JACOFFY is the editor in chief and president of *Esquire*.



Guy Laroche
Paris

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who wears Brut.**

LETTERS

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

DEBATING THE DUBIOUS

CONGRATULATIONS ON another fine year of dubious achievements ("Dubious Achievements of 1994," January). As an avid follower I have noted the following:

The January 1973 issue reported, "Dr. Garhas Singh, a physicist at the University of Maryland, announced that cysters can now be created by laser beams." The January 1985 awards noted that "Maryland professor Leonard S. Taylor invented a microwave antenna that forces cysters into shaking themselves."

Please keep us informed as cyster research in Maryland.

Brian Molgryn
Manassas, Md.

WITH REGARD to your Dikinos Achievements Awards, Mary Decker didn't lose. She was unfairly eliminated from the competition. I'm sure she would have accepted losing the race for much gratitude if she hadn't been deprived of the chance to win. Run eighty miles a week and try out for an Olympic medal before passing judgment.

Jeff Mowbray
Hartland, Wis.

THE CLEVELAND Indians did not finish in last place in 1994, as was incorrectly stated in your Dikinos Achievement Awards. It is bad enough losing the most successful team in baseball one day year; it should not just be taken for granted that the Tribe finished in the cellar.

For the record, the Brewers finished in last place in 1994, seven and one-half games behind the sixth-place Indians. Finally, it should be noted that Cleveland had a better record than five other teams: Seattle, Texas, Cincinnati, San Francisco, and the Chicago White Sox.

Ag Hobb
University Heights, Ohio

Editor's Note: In our January 1995 issue we neglected to acknowledge Monte Schayler Clay's picture essayist for "Dubious Achievements of 1994."

WHERE THE HEART IS

I FOUND your article "The Power of One Woman" (The Roarist Journal, by Phillip Moffitt, January) to be quite touching. No doubt for my earlier Greek mountain childhood caused me to consider that all

mountain women could be a special breed.

Now, many years later, those women of my Greek childhood are still regarded as the mothers of my career. Though I have long respected their emotional robustness, I still lack their patience, endurance, and grace.

Your article inspired me.

Patricia Hosh
Miami, Ohio

MOCK OF AGES

LAURELS TO Harry Stein's "Cutting Words" (Ethics, January). My three-year-old granddaughter has pointed out the difference between actual business and Jerry knowing to use words that once. Whenever rationalization I may feel lies away before Stein's adroitly gone.

Tanner Rauschen
San Francisco, Calif.

MASTERS OF MONEY

ARE SOME M.B.A.s money hungry ("The Half-Ble of the M.B.A. Mentality," *Unconventional Wisdom*, by Helen Smith, January)? Yes. There are about as many "gossens" as there are cracked lawyers or lay automobiles—just enough to perpetuate the stereotype. For we statisticians who count success by dollars rather than by deeds? I think not.

After graduation, we use our business-school skills to help companies run more efficiently and become more profitable. Now what's to bad about that?

Paul Conacher
Ann Arbor, Mich.

WRONG NUMBER

RICHARD LEVINE's article "Ma Bell's Childless" (The Enquire Review, November) provided an entertaining look at the obnoxious telephone but it did contain one fairly significant error: CLASS-Calling Service is being test marketed in Hamburg by Bell of Pennsylvania, not by AT&T.

William Demant
Product Management
Bell of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia, Pa.

Letters to the editor should be mailed with your address and phone number to: The Sound and the Fury, Editors, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.



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WHY WAIT FOR
HER BIRTHDAY?

WHY WAIT FOR
HIS BIRTHDAY?

WHY WAIT FOR
FATHER'S DAY?

WHY WAIT FOR
YOUR NEW APARTMENT?

WHY WAIT FOR
SATURDAY NIGHT?

WHY WAIT FOR
YOUR PROMOTION?

WHY WAIT FOR
YOUR NEXT RAISE?

WHY WAIT FOR
THE HOLIDAYS?

WHY WAIT FOR
TOMORROW?



DRAMBUIE OVER ICE TONIGHT.

Man At His Best

AGENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO QUALITY AND STYLE

MATERIAL VALUE *The Artful Lure*



Over the years, man has produced collectible items in abundance. Rods, especially, have become investment pieces. The spin-bowling creations of the old masters—Garman, Pryor, Edwards—are now fetching prices in the several thousands of dollars. Old-wire also trade. Greely Leeder makes And Hammer rods. But until lately, the winding artifact that is the premier expression of the sport's sublime artistry presented almost insurmountable difficulties to the collector.

There was simply no good way to store and display a hand-fied fly and no reliable way to make any special claims for one—or for a collection. In spite of the beauty and the craft that each specimen reflects, flies were used until they were no longer serviceable and then thrown away. Only a few hundred Garman rods were ever made, but millions of Royal Goshawks flies have been tied by thousands of fly designers.

Hard to make one more special than another. But these days, when the primary angling tools are made produced by machine technology, the fly is still what it has always been, a piece of handwork. And they are becoming increasingly collectible, even a good investment.

But what makes any one fly collectible?

Every field produces its customers and celebrities, and fly tying is no different. So not all Silver Doctors, Quail Gordons, and Lady Riverbends are alike. Some have been tied by Walt Dettre or Ted Newman or Eric Leeder. Furthermore, every pattern is the creation of someone. A Lady's Delicacy that was actually tied by Bernard "Lafy" Kunk or a Royal Wail that has come from Lee Wail himself is a keepsake. If you want to fish with the pattern, you should tie it up yourself or buy it from a shop. The successful model from the box at the fly shop will cost a dollar and a half, while those that are tied by the creator are col-

lectible, worth at least \$100. The difficulty, of course, is with documentation. You can't simply say that Ernest Schwedener tied up that light Olive for you since, back in 1951, Covel or the Brotherhood, and that you will take two hundred for it. You have to be able to prove it.

There do not sign their flies, of course, but they can be in good (and real) about their work in any other affairs. Often they will make up selections of their favorite patterns and stick them onto some kind of backing, which they sign. They give the signed selections away as gifts. Or sell them. Or donate them to fund-raising, where they auction them off. The great Art Pick (still the best name ever for a fly-herman) did this until a few years ago, when he be-

came so old to be with his previous skill. One of these Pick treasures—made from a dozen flies, usually—can be worth hundreds.

The important thing to remember is that documentation must be sufficient to verify the backstory... or better. And the more exquisite the treasure, the more solid the documentation will have to be. If you have one of these cards that Pick attached to as a sample of his flies, and the signature is authentic, then you own something collectible. If, on the other hand, you own a few Whistly boxes full of flies that you claim were tied by Viktor Gordon then you are going to need a file full of affidavits signed by buyers and witnesses who were present when these flies were discovered among the effects of the deceased, and you'll be even some scholarly confirmation that, yes indeed, Mr. Gordon was known to be this kind of fly with this sort of material.

You can store your own documentation just by signing. If you see at a show where Lee Wail or some other celebrated man is showing how it is done, and he hands you one of the flies he has been tying as part of his demonstration, ask him to sign a card and date it. Then stick the fly gently onto that card. You will now own a collectible fly. 18 Royal Wail, worth \$20 or \$30 a fly. Without the card, you might as well have the thing; it'd only be worth a dollar and a half.

FLY ON THE WALL
Now, say you have acquired some flies that were tied—or owned—by someone who has a name that makes the flies collectible. Maybe you have some beautiful Atlantic salmon flies that were tied by one of the greats, such as Belgarus Mariner of Spain or Michael Rogers of Ireland. Or perhaps you own something from the late Harry Eberle of Roseton, New York. Perhaps even his most famous creation, and my nominee for the best named trout fly of all time—the Star-Paced McDonald. Well, then, what do you do with them?

Used a few years ago, you put them away somewhere and when you wanted to look at them or show them off, you brought them out. But a fly is a three-dimensional object, that is, it's a good two-dimensional display. They don't look good posted in a mat. Also, they are fragile. There's a case named Viktor Gordon, who neither has flies nor fishes, came up with a technique that both protects and displays flies and, in the bargain, enhances their value. Carlson displays the flies under glass, suspended from a long string of nearly invisible Plexiglas. The fly seems to hang on an invisible frame, so the effect is that of a shadow box, and your attention is drawn to each fly as though by

Man At His Best

a magnet. The framed displays are subjectively beautiful even to novices.

Cushman came up with the technique while he was ago. Through clever trading and dealing, he has acquired thousands of fine old portraits, which he has mounted in frames of various materials appropriate to the period of the drawings or photographs. Cushman's work has been shown at the American Museum of Natural History, the Academy of Natural Sciences, and the National Museum. Sports-loving others: "The American Museum of Natural History is negotiating to acquire a large portion of his work. What's available and in private hands can be worth as much as \$2,500 or more for a single framed piece," according to John Merwin, the president of the museum. Cushman lives in Nova Scotia now and does not take commissions.

Others, however, are doing similar displays. Don Leyden of Brookfield Center, Connecticut, is the latest firm in the field. If you can acquire, or already own, some fine with a history, he can frame them for you. And there is at least one notable bird who is making his own framed displays using a

technique similar to Cushman's. He is Rene Harrop, who, with his wife, Susan, is generally thought to be the master and most experienced of the remarkable, spring-creek patternists. His first go with Harrop's Park and the Montana spring creek, the way Gordon's picture says with the upstate New York landscape scenes of the nineteenth century.

Harrop, who can be found in St. Anthony, Idaho, has been doing his displays since 1978, and there is already a second market in the area. The law drawings he uses for a centerpiece are also his. He charges \$50 and up for the print and \$10 to \$25 for each fly that he has and mounts. So you can buy one of his displays for as little as \$50. Or as much as you want to pay. Some of them display as many as forty flies. He signs each piece, and it is accompanied by a certificate of authenticity.

All of Harrop's early work is in second market, and he does prices only on commission. A display of his flies—or those of any other—is an attractive piece for the wall of the den. It is almost as good as taking one of them out and putting it over a large feeding window. But quite.

—Thomas J. Heston

THE ENLIGHTENED TRAVELER Back in Time



At the love, should be easy to enjoy, and even possible, on a tropical island. That is John Sebastian Bach's three-thousandth birthday year, and over the summer there will probably be more Bach festivals in Europe than were festivals in California. Of these, only one takes place on a tropical (well, semitropical) island: the Madeira Bach Festival (June 23-25), held on the Portuguese island of Madeira. Madeira is not a Club Med hunt or Micantastic or a resort where tourists flock around in chapel cars filled with paparazzi. It's an old-fashioned island where for a long time nothing has changed but the faces and the scenery, which is being longed for by the Bach Festival, a visit to Madeira combines a natural health spa for the body with an Old World education of the senses.

Madras is from hundred miles from London and the Portuguese from Goa. The island is shaped like a wedding cake and could pass for a different country at each tier. At sea level it has a southern California look: palm trees, cacti, and houses of the color of tropical fruits. Further up the island and the geography becomes Swiss—waterfalls and wild flowers, and at an even higher altitude

Madras turns into the Scottish Highlands—beaches and for most part, even, when the mountain peaks belong to a New Zealand pattern book. It's as if the island were a historical Madras note. And it's only thirty-four miles long and twelve miles wide.

In the fifteenth century Madras was the last stop for explorers on their way to the New World. Christopher Columbus lived there, and hardly anyone on Madeira today is undisturbed by his legend. The Madrasans, especially the taxi drivers and fishermen, have that "let's not over the edge of the world" look in their eyes. In the nineteenth century the Victorians, who knew a lot about stress reduction and calmness of the soul, used to take "vacations" on Madeira to improve their senses and their circulation. (Victorian doctors claimed it had one of the most favorable climates in the world.) There's a saying in Madeira that the Portuguese discovered the island in 1430, but the English discovered its beauty. Today the English influence is still strong. Ten is served daily at the Hotel, and among the English youth who frequent the island it's possible to find gentlemen who went to the nation of an ex-lover's name.

Between time travel and al-

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BIBLIOPHILIA

Out in Left Field

In real life, it's usually the winners who prove the opposite. In *The Baseball Out of Shame* by Bruce Berne and Alan Zarembo (Bantam Books, \$5.95), the attention goes to baseball's losers, the blunders, the errors, and the chokers. This book is a collection of anecdotal anecdotes told in a style that is both not only a good read but also a good read. The book is a collection of anecdotal anecdotes told in a style that is both not only a good read but also a good read. The book is a collection of anecdotal anecdotes told in a style that is both not only a good read but also a good read.

Cuba in 1980, Harrop had a bad ball that ricocheted off the plate and knocked him out cold.

• **"Butterless" Ball.** In 1982, Ball managed to hit a seventh time and never once made contact with the ball.

• **Christian Frederick Wilhelm von der Ahe.** A member of "The Most Amazing Ovens in Baseball History," Wilhelm traveled with his team and assisted the players in their struggle to beat him from the train station to the hotel.

The Hall of Shame in sports is at its most entertaining and eccentric. *Shame's* a carnival. What was Jose Cardenas's excuse for missing a few games in 1994? (Answer: his eyelid was stuck again.)

Man At His Best

Man At His Best



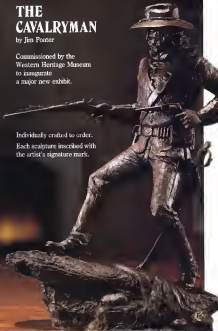
Except that the most readily available of the flavored vodkas, *Porostovka*, which burns with the taste of three kinds of peppers—cayenne, capsaicin, and cubé—makes a lighter-bodied sangria. The drinking man's version of *delecto*, I suppose.

THE CAVALRYMAN

by Jim Foster

Commissioned by the Western Heritage Museum to inaugurate a major new exhibit.

Individually crafted to order. Each sculpture inscribed with the artist's signature mark.



ORDER FORM

The Western Heritage Museum has commissioned the creation of a powerful collection of original sculptures that will form a major new exhibit at the Museum.

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Man At His Best

THE SEASONED COOK *The Ugliest Fish in the Sea*



side. At times, New England and the rest of the country couldn't even give it a name. Then George Merril, the white super for Grand Central's Oyster Bar in New York, substituted its French name, *l'anguille*, and voilà—it was born. Some purveyors still use the name *manila fish*, but it doesn't sell as quickly as the Gallic name.

Fortunately, only the edible skinned tail portion of the gooselike eel is marketed. Pastrycoated buyers would run screaming into the streets if they were to lay eyes on the whole fish. It has a huge, flattened head with its eyes on top, a cavernous mouth, and a short tapering body—kind of tadpole shape, but three to four feet in length and weighing up to fifty pounds or more. The whole fish is so large that it is named the largest noncod of a month's cook. Its mouth is slanted upward, with its lower jaw protruding so far beyond the upper jaw that the million-curved teeth are exposed even when its mouth is closed—the ultimate ugliness. Probably the ugliest fish in the Atlantic, the gooselike is literally a mouth that swells, and like the bowl, contains a thick stew, consisting of anything, with or without fish. Its diet consists of flounder, skate, squid, starfish, lobster, cut-

herring, and sea bass—also ducks, cornmeal, and, well, sea urchins, and sea turtles. Never one to pass up a desert, the gooselike will eat inanimate objects such as the boots from laborer jobs, beer cans, Coke bottles, light bulbs—even cigarette lighters and sunglasses have been coaxed from gooselike stomachs.

Even in sedentary periods, the fish doesn't quit eating. It has camouflage in the last two, wiggling a long, rubbery spine that projects from the snout over its open mouth. This spine has a fleshy "flag" at its tip that turns various prey into the creature's prey—thus the name anglerfish. Atlantic gooselike at Westhampton Beach, New York, grabbed a worse baitter by the last some years ago and attempted to live her last meal. She was trying to remove a hook from the mouth of a twenty-pounder with a carbon-steel knife, and when its jaws closed down, the blade was not only bent into an L-shape but couldn't even be pulled loose. How the lady got her foot out is a mystery to me, it would be like escaping from a bear trap. But if Nature in her bounty designed a bizarre creature, she intended it to be used in the form of a truly delicious fish in its locale and eat.

FISHING FOR COMPLIMENTS

The Atlantic gooselike swims the Atlantic from the Grand Banks in North Carolina, and from caught Norway through the Mediterranean as in what wild and deep. The skinned tail portion is cooked in a variety of ways, such as in a firm and overdone as lobster meat, to which it is often compared. There is only one, easily removed portion, *l'anguille*, that swims through its own skin. The whole tail can be poached or steamed, but I prefer to cook it in the form of houseless medallions by along the tail across the grain as though making real codfish. The medallions can be poached, then served with various sauces or butter. Indeed, the fish is such a versatile fish that

it will tolerate just about any kind of fish.

My favorite in Mediterranean is *Lotta* with Grape Sauce. You can use bottled pure white grape juice in this recipe, but it doesn't take long to squeeze out grapes, crush them, and let them sit to make one cup, and a more velvety and fragrant sauce. You will need two and one-half pounds of white or green seedless grapes. Begin with the dearest ingredients for this dish by pouring one-half pound of grapes in a simple syrup (one-half cup of sugar dissolved in one and one-half cups of hot water) for five minutes, or until they're plump and tender, then drain. Now, slice as orange at six rounds and cut them in half crosswise to make.

To make the sauce, combine in a medium-size heavy-bottomed chopped shallots, one cup dry and white, and one cup of juice extracted from the remaining grapes. Over a low heat reduce the liquid by half. Stir in one tablespoon of Cognac and one tablespoon of cream. Simmer for about two minutes and serve.

For six diners you will need twelve medallions of tail cut one-half inch thick. Medallions the fish one cup of milk, then dip in beaten eggs and lightly coat in flour. Mix one-quarter pound of clarified butter in a large skillet and sauté the medallions over a medium heat until golden in color, or about two and a half minutes on each side. Season with salt and pepper.

Arrange the medallions in a row on a white plate with eggs overlying. Tuck a slice of tomato between each medallion so the bright red is visible. Sprinkle with poached grapes. Reheat the sauce and drizzle over the fish.

Accompany with crisp sautéed potatoes and a salad of thin lettuce with vinaigrette dressing. For a wine, either a California Chardonnay or Sauvignon Blanc, or Chardonnay, I recommend Robert Mondavi's 1981 Reserve, and of the latter, a Chateau St. Jean La Petite Estate 1983.

—A. J. McClellan

Man At His Best

It's also true that if you're currently unmarried, not too

Declining an invitation for a specific date or event is no problem. "I'm sorry, I have other plans" works nicely and is unassailable. No need to go beyond that. "I'll have to check any calendar and get back to you" is okay, but be sure to do so within twenty-four hours.

was a penis, and that's a year that really meant for [sounded like it meant], "I am stunned that you would even dream of making, but I'm not doing any thing next Tuesday and I haven't been to Lathrop in a while." Saying yes that way is worse than the bluntest no.

best papers, but had doubts about the quality of the work presented orally. Some were "pseudo-but true" observations for observations that have gone sour and call for further work with cautions spelled out.

More likely than not, you find yourself wanting to say "No, not now." This means that the speech is willing but the time isn't right. Don't be shy, but do make it clear that you're fatigued, and that seeing him would be great under other circumstances. It's usually best not to spell out these circumstances ("I don't want to go grabbed with anyone and the divorce papers have been signed" not very successful). Next time, of course, it's your nickel. —Glen Wiegman

The good life starts with the California Avocado

The boys try a new place in their Peugeot

They have driven almost two hours to get to this place, a lake with an old Indian name that means "Fish jump out."

It was still dark when the man woke the boy and they both spread around the house, the floorboards cold under their feet, getting ready. Getting ready consisted of climbing into some clothes and taking the sandwiches out of the refrigerator. The man did not make the boy wash his face or brush his teeth, which made the day seem even more special.

They do not bring the boy's sister this time. She is only four and makes a lot of noise and thinks fish stink. It is just the two of them, the big one and the little one. "The boys," is the mother calls them.

"Do you think it's true?" the boy asks.

"Is what true?"

"Fish jump out."

The man nods. "You'll see."



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AMERICAN BEAT

BY BOB GREENE

ALICE DOESN'T LIVE THERE ANYMORE

He's left the glitter of L.A. to be a middle-American dad

THERE IS a delicious haze where I work, it has a service bar at the back, and sometimes at the end of the day I will stop at there.

One night I did. The bartender said, "A. Instead of yours was in the restaurant the other day."

"Oh?" I said. "Who's that?"

"Alice Cooper," the bartender said.

That seemed odd. "Are you sure?" I said.

"It was him, all right," the bartender said. "He had his wife and daughter with him."

"What do you suppose he was doing in Chicago?" I said.

"Somebody asked him that," the bartender said. "He said that he was living here now."

"Alice Cooper is living in Chicago?" I said.

"That's what he said," the bartender said. "You right about him being a friend of yours, aren't you?"

YES. He was right. For a brief period of time—not that long, no more than a month, really—I suppose you could even have said that we were best friends.

In 1973, in an effort to take a look at the world of rock 'n' roll from the inside, I made arrangements to join a band as a performing member. The band I became a part of was Alice Cooper, named after its lead singer, a former high school athlete from Arizona who had changed his name from Vincent Furnier and subsequently became one of the biggest pop stars in the world.

The Seventies were a time when glamor outrage was in fashion, and Alice Cooper was taking full advantage of it. He was a beneficiary of today's fascination with violence, birth sexuality, and anarchy. His stage show featured simulated bloodletting, raw, suggestive song lyrics, and leering seductions of his young audience. Alice appeared onstage every night wearing grotesque head makeup and outlandish costumes, his show was the epitome of calculated tastelessness.



It was working in perfection. The year I joined up, the band took in more than \$17 million; they played the live more than eight hundred thousand concerts in live performance. There wasn't a week that Alice's name failed to appear in one national publication or another. In Britain a reviewer of *Penthouse*, Leo Alton, attempted to have the Alice Cooper show banned. He based his position on what his teenage children had told him about Alice. "They tell me Alice is absolutely sick," he said. "And I agree with them. I regard his act as an indictment to intellectual life for his subterranean audience. He is deliberately trying to involve these kids in sadomasochism. He is prodding the culture of the concentration camp. Pop is one thing; anathema of acrophobia is another."

I found the band and sang background vocals on one of their albums. I went on a nationwide tour with them and played a role in their violent stage show every night. My purpose was to try to see the

rock 'n' roll road from their vantage point—from the stage, from the know-nothing, from the chartered jets—and to write a book about it.

I can't exactly say that Leo Alton's summation of the Alice Cooper show was wrong, actually, it was a fairly accurate appraisal. But I found something out about Alice: he was one of the brightest, kindest people I had ever met. He realized what the time of the decade was; he was selling his young audiences what they were eager to buy, but he was full of a sense of irony about it. He was as appalled by their avid acceptance of his show's bloodlust as was the most conservative fundamentalist minister; the difference was, even though he was appalled, he was becoming wealthy from it.

On the tour I joined, his original band was in the process of falling apart. There were rampant jealousies among the members. They resented the individual focus that Alice was attaining. Alice was becoming uneasy about having to go onstage and be Alice every night; he seemed to sense that he had created a monster, and that he was that monster. He was drinking heavily and staying barricaded in his hotel rooms between performances.

The worst episode came when his fellow band members, and he wasn't going out, so he and I became unlikely friends. He was twenty-five, I was twenty-six. We would spend hours every day and night just sitting in his room talking and drinking and watching television while bodyguards kept fans away. We came to genuinely like each other, and our companionship grew to be a welcome one. It was destined not to continue, when the tour ended he went to live in California, and I went back to my home in Chicago; that we had each found someone of whom we were genuinely fond.

There is to say, that tour was one of the interesting things that ever has happened to me. Standing onstage every night, the Super Trouper spotlights glar-

**I KNEW INTELLECTUALLY THAT IN ROCK 'N' ROLL THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS
SOMETHING MORE THAN A TWO-YEAR RUN. I HAD HAD MY RUN, MICHAEL
JACKSON, PRINCE...NOBODY EVER GOT MORE PUBLICITY THAN ALICE COOPER DID.***

ing my eyes, looking out at twenty thousand screaming people—there's no way you can put a person in a moment like that. The show, as it turned out, was the last one by the original Alice Cooper band, the divisions I was seeing on the road caused them to break up soon after.

It wasn't long before I stopped hearing the name Alice Cooper anymore. New bands came on the forefront of the public's attention, new records became number one. I read something about Alice admitting his alcoholism and going to a prison clinic to seek help for it, once a while I would see a story in the pages of a new band, their image based on outrage, would pay tribute to what they had learned from Alice Cooper. But it had been ten years since I had spoken with him or seen him at his best almost in long silence. I had thought much about him.

And now the headline was saying that he was living in Chicago.

ON A Saturday night in Alice Cooper called my office and left a local phone number. When I returned the call he said that he had, indeed, moved to town, would I like to join him and his wife for dinner the following week?

WE MET in front of the maître d' desk at an Italian restaurant called La Spiga, we both were sport jackets and ties. Alice was accompanied by his wife, Sheri. After some initial, awkward banter, we were led to a table by the window. I noticed how the obvious question first, what was he doing living in Chicago? It was never over a person who seemed perfect for the entertainment-industry ambience of southern California, it was Alice Cooper. What he had to tell?

"My daughter is three-and-a-half years old now," Alice said. "Sheri is pregnant again. We were living in Beverly Hills, but we just decided that we took a new commitment to bring up children. It's crazy in Los Angeles—the drugs, the money, the sex, the money, the money, the money. I just couldn't see making bringing my children up in that kind of atmosphere."

Alice's wife said, "There is something less said about the Midwest. And my parents live in the Chicago suburbs—Oak Park. We thought it would be nice to be near them."

"The in-laws make nice for baby-sitters," Alice said. "He said he loved them as fathers. It puts you whole life in perspective." He said, "The moment your child is born, you need a chemical response—you become a person

you've never been before. All at a sudden there's someone other than yourself who's meant to think about and take care of. It's a good most of every day with my daughter. I'll put a videotape of one of my old performances on the TV, and she'll know that the person on the TV is Alice, and the person sitting with her is Daddy. I take her to the zoo every other week. I think it's important to her that Daddy takes her there. Daddy and Mommy do it together—the family feeling is a big part of Sunday."

I asked him what had happened to him professionally in the almost twenty years since his last number-one hit. I hadn't heard a thing about him, had he stopped recording?

He shook his head. He talked of a dispute with his record company; he felt that they had taken away his chance to flourish, but had of becoming successful. "I made an album that no one ever heard of," he said. "That started to tell me."

"I started getting pretty depressed. I knew intellectually that it was a hell of a lot in so much time in something more than a two-year run. I had had my run. Michael Jackson, Prince—I don't care who you name, nobody ever got more publicity than Alice Cooper did. And I missed it. It got to the point where I couldn't watch a video or listen to a record. I was just, I was just... You realize everyone gets their own shot, but that you're not the only person on the planet. But it's almost like a higher knowing that he can knock another guy out, but not being given the chance. That's how I would feel every time I heard a hit record."

He said he had decided to try to become a leveling case again. "The worst thing that the world is to be considered an alien," he said. "To be sitting in a hotel room and hear the radio come on and hear them say that you're an alien—look, I don't want to be Chuck Berry. It's easy to say. Well, I was good back then. But I feel more like an old gangster. If the young guys think they're doing it, they're not. They're not. It's not that he was working on a plan. He was going to write the music for his band, which he would create with some of the top heavy-metal bands of the Righteous—those young musicians who grew up watching Alice Cooper. The young guys will be like The Misfits. Some of rock 'n' roll," he said. "And I'll be playing the Yel Bynner role."

Then, when the video comes out, I'll go back to the road. Now the challenge is going to be whether I can do a pop. You know, the first time I did that, we were competing with the Rolling Stones, with

the Who. Now I'll be going up against bands that I never heard of. The rock 'n' roll road used to be like the National Football League—everybody was a lesser quality. It was like, 'Who do we play (on Sunday)? The Washington Redskins? Now, because of video, a band that has never been on tour can have a number-one album. A band with no Hollywood hit knows edge at all."

I asked him if people still recognized him when they saw him. He smiled. "Yeah, sometimes they do," he said. "But the other day, I was shopping at Marshall Field's, and these two boys were whispering to each other and looking at me. And finally one of them came up to me and said, 'Excuse me, but are you really Ray Gato?'"

"I'm not looking forward that much to going on the road again. I'm not thinking at all now, and if you recall, there was a time when I couldn't be more than eight miles away from a bottle of V.O."

But I have to try, to see what happens. I don't feel regret, though—the most important thing in the world now is being a good father. Sheri will be out of the house, and it will just be my daughter and me at home. And I'll say, 'Who's the best rock star in the world?' And she'll say, 'Daddy.' And I'll say, 'Who makes the best records?' And she'll say, 'Daddy.' That's all I want, really—to be her father. You can be a hero to millions of kids, but what you really want is to be a hero to your own."

WE SAT in the restaurant for hours. We talked of our time together on the road in those years ago, and of what had become of the former members of his band, and of the nature of gigantic stardom. He said that he had once met Elvis Presley in Las Vegas. Elvis had invited Alice to his hotel suite. Elvis handed Alice a gun and told him to point it at him. Alice did, immediately. Elvis threw a knife over his arm, and the next thing Alice knew he was flat. He had been shot in the knee. The gun being fired by his band and Elvis's shot on his face.

"And all I could think was: What a great album cover this would make," Alice said. We laughed, and the talk got to shopping malls and automobiles, to party throwing and career in business. The matter arrived and placed desserts in front of each of us. Alice looked down at his.

"I don't know," he said, turning to his wife. "That looks really nice."

"Oh, Alice," she said. "Gosh, look a little."

SCOTT GALLAGHER is contributing editor of *Entertainment Weekly*.

ETHICS

BY HARRY STEIN

A MAN OF PROGENY

The high cost of being a good father

AS THIS is written, I am as exhausted as I have ever been. Second-child syndrome. Most syndromes, I must say, tend to be in adolescence, sudden onsets of irritability. I believe with all my heart that weren't not specifically arranged—by God or nature, take your pick—for parents to have an exceedingly short memory of the rigors of their offspring's earliest months, we'd get into a lot of trouble. And since, since process-people would be inclined to precisely one sleep-walk per couple.

As it happens, I am under deadline here. A tight deadline. To be specific, these words were due in the editor's in-box an hour ago. For this, the fact that they will not find their way there for at least another 24 hours will take the responsibility but not (with a tip of the hat to RMD) the blame. That belongs to one Charlie Stein, a personage who has not once, during the entirety of his three and a half

months on the outside, slept four hours at a stretch, with an assist to his big sister, who's months ago landed into our house the big dog in currently running on all fours. You know what I said about this predicament? I can't seem to get myself to care. Oh, yeah, I care that my nervousness is making my editor antsy and might throw a panic attack into the production schedule. But I can't seem to get myself to care. I can only get down on the page and not care anyone to question my sanity. But what I'm getting at is that I don't care the way I used to, just three or four years ago, when for five minutes or so, every assignment I'd like the most important thing on earth.

And this also has to do with that pair of small people noted above. This is, you see, to be an essay on what seems to me to be a fundamental conflict between the imperatives of career and those of parenthood—a fuller account, I believe, of the struggle on the world's terms and on one's own.



I find it particularly tricky now to put together, not simply because I happen to come upon my own assistant, but because, even in my laps, I feel terrible awkwardness on the subject. On the one hand, what I have with my children is precious beyond measure (those thousand hours on the floor amidst blocks and puzzle pieces and scattered dollars, of pressing on the windows of Johnson City and the Seas, of concealing games and movies and songs of our own, and simply sitting around not doing much at all, have been the most gratifying, the most emotionally straining, of my life). On the other hand, however, there are times when the price paid for them seems so terribly high. The fact is, since the arrival of my daughter, three and a half years ago, I have been nowhere near as productive professionally as I did otherwise have been, and I can't claim that my sacrifices in this regard approach those of my wife. I have only the dramatic sense of how it feels to be ro-

tinely shrugged off as a nonentity for passing out's days at a full-time parent. I have continued to work, and to earn a not unimpressive number of dollars still, it a hard not to regret—to recall, sometimes to get pissed off over—being considerably less far along in what otherwise Alice would call "the game of life" than I once supposed I'd now be.

The temptation is very nearly irresistible to insist, simply, that the exchange has been so overwhelmingly favorable that that perceived downside hardly bears mentioning at all. Yet the simple fact is, many of us grow up with a vast respect for the concept of work itself, with an appreciation of the eternal rewards and sense of capability that come from extending one's will to the limit to the wider world. It is in that that respect to one's own numbers, that, in recent entrepreneurs to those making old buildings available one room at a time, from aspiring artists to television novices being sleep-over deadlines. I've always counted myself among these, and to find myself suddenly operating at arm's length with respect to my own life can be profoundly disconcerting.

And yet... Ten minutes ago, my daughter pushed upon my office door. "What is it, kid?" I asked. "What are you doing, like, 'Hi?'?" "What does it look like I'm doing?" I asked. "I'm working. I really need my privacy, dad." She retreated a couple of steps, but, well, there was something important on her mind. I asked that morning, there'd been some trouble with a boy. He had pulled her back, and when she resisted, he told her he was no longer her friend. "That made me feel bad." "I know. But I don't think he means it for more than today," I observed. "I don't think I like boys very much." "But there are some boys you like." "No, there aren't." She stopped. "You

know what boys always do? They tell you things that you already know." "All boys? Do you think I did that when I was little?"

She reflected an instant. "Even you?" For some months now, I've been building into a bit of newspaper fat, it seems to me, in pursuit of all of that. Some of you other *Am. Leaders* readers will certainly recall the letter, even by advice-column standards it was amusing, and the controversy it touched off inspired even longer than the controversy over May-December marriages in *Dear Abby*.

Way Out West's complaint was one of those that seem to reflect the character of the age. Married to a man who had recently suffered a debilitating stroke—Thomas was the pseudonym she assigned him—Way Out seemed more a cry of despair. But, too, she was more than a little bitter, for during this agonizing period, not one of Thomas's daughters by a previous marriage had picked up to help him. "I'm sure that's right," wrote Way Out. "She also sent me a copy of the magazine courtesy underlining 'in sickness and in health.' The towel and sheet take her dad to lunch if he was 'in her neighborhood.' The third took him to her house for a few visits after making a claim she was 'greatly impoverished.'"

It was, at last, not to sympathize with this woman's wretched plight. Still, I am

obliged to confess that I continue to find myself unable to shake the question that sprung to mind the very instant I learned of it: "What kind of father had this guy been, anyway, to have produced children so utterly addicted to his wifery?"

Not that I mean to go too hard on poor Thomas. Way Out often to him as "the first man I've ever known," and there is no reason to challenge the characterization. Most thankfully, he was simply a father like so many others in this society, one who loved, in his husband, to make time for the kids—who helped out with birthday parties and made it to the occasional school play—but one for whom, as children themselves always know, grown-ups aren't simply needed more than they did, the sort of father who lacks the time, the patience, and, finally, the wisdom of someone to know his children as they need to be known.

It can, of course, be argued that those of us who so pointedly agree to be in tune with our kids, who read the child psychology books and willingly take on tasks once deemed tedious, and behave generally as if the world begins and ends with our progeny, are, in our own way, even more apologetic. "Why, it," as a woman I know, asked at the sudden glut of *survivor* fathers in her mailbox, recently put it. "That all you can take yourselves as *survivor* parents? Why do you insist on behaving as if no one's ever been a father before?"

The answer, I'm afraid, has more to do than we'd like with the fact that, in particular, so many of our generation recall that we have always been, largely self-absorbed, miserably faced in the notion that whatever phase we happen to be in, by definition, is the place to be.

But even as awkward a truth does not diminish the power of the emotions associated with parenthood, or their legitimacy. It is, in fact, precisely because those emotions tend to leave us so utterly powerless, because the discovery of how *financially* children can alter our lives is a menace for the better reasons so bleak, that so many recent parents, and especially fathers, act so nervously. "It is as if," notes one fellow of my acquaintance, who had been so smitten by his wife's pregnancy he took to always sit next to her of the night "circuits that had been dead for thirty years suddenly flicked on."

Thus living as terrified as, most probably, universal. If the group goes on to be treated, since Prince Charles has emerged as a born-again actor, not only taking on the play of disaster duty, but drastically reducing his public schedule to hang out with the kids. This list, not so incidentally, has reportedly inspired Charles's own father—evidently a dad, as well as a prince, of the old school—and provoked a genuine battle royal within the palace.

The same would doubtless have been familiar to some of us on this side of the

water who have, at late, found ourselves conflict with those propensities to remain just our best interests. Living in what is the most achievement-oriented society of all, at a moment when everyone is, to one degree or another, identified as a winner or a loser, it is enough going, this business of violating the years, particularly if one has always regarded oneself as a connoisseur. The feeling was neatly summed up recently in, of all places, the comic strip *Moose*: in the midst of trading an infant, a young father declares to "the perfect solution to end all wars"—only to have the deal slip away when the baby starts howling. "I'm convinced," concludes the plan further to the last panel, "that nobody ever won a Nobel Peace Prize while baby-sitting." Reading those words aloud to my daughter this particular Sunday morning, my heart sank like a rock.

There are no pat solutions here, no instructions on how to make the balancing act work. But, in the end, this is precisely the point. Growing, finally, is not a matter of avoiding the hard choices, but of making them for the right reasons, not without regret, perhaps, but with firm conviction as to what one is about. In a time when, for men also, there can no longer be the pretense of having it all, no compromise seems more heartily open to us.

A couple of days after my troubling encounter with the *Sunday* cartoon, while flipping through *Time*, I ran across a statement by William Shockley, who does have a Nobel Prize on his shelf. "In my children," argued Shockley, "as support of the latest theories, represent a significant regression."

In retrospect, the remark strikes me as remarkable not so much for its content as for its absence of apology. Clearly, based on documentation ranging from the history books to the popular press to personal life experience, it is a virtual given that grown men will be distant from their children—if not so frustratingly detached as a Shockley, then certainly enough to remain detached from the concerns of their lives. After years, decades, or life nights at the office and weekends on the plane behind closed doors, how could it be otherwise? Under the circumstances, what more might anyone have to expect than that they would be able to reach, as he fundamentally touched by, their wonderful children? Absolutely. I'd like to be arguing about professionally. But even now, at this moment, on the edge of looking out, I am sustained by the certainty that my children are a joy and a source of life, that they will serve at adulthood with consciences intact, that they will be capable of going home as it has been given them. And though I never thought I'd say it, that would not trade for a second of Nobel Prize.

SHOCKLEY: ATTEMPTING A summarizing chapter of *Life* magazine. The collection, *Life* and *Other* (1990), was published by St. Martin's Press.

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By Eric Lipton

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SPORTS CLINIC

BY WAYNE KALYIN

THE RACKET REVOLUTION

The best and the lightest, the huge and the standard, who knows which to pick?

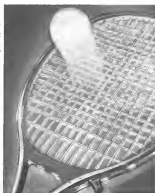
MY FIRST full-fledged tennis racket wasn't mine at all. It was everybody's. Danny's, Kevin's, Phillip's, John Joe's, the entire block's. When my games-playing friends and I couldn't summon enough bodies for a contest of strength or to strut our stuff on the back-bull field, a handful of us would head for the tennis courts—which, as our beer-drinking, basketball-worshipping, drop-blue-collar teens were always tucked. But first we'd gather at Danny's garage, where in one dark corner sat two wood tennis rackets of unknown origin. The only identification mark was the encouraging phrase "YOU-WENT-EMBRONED" on their shafts.

Scared by those at the hands of freewheel kids who hurled them in fits of on-court temper and immature adults who turned the frames into glorified beer swatters, the rackets nevertheless retained us into the magic of the game. But for us and other nervous souls who grew up around

ILLUSTRATION: JILLIAN ALLEN

with the one-and-only standard-size wood frames, a racket didn't possess the impressive powers of today's high-tech gems. In that maelstrom of white balls and civil challenges, a racket was slave to our abilities. If we failed to win, the blame stopped at the ends of our fingers. For the biggest lame, men—the Lowers, Rosenbergs, Gonslowers, and Kramers of the world—made the racket. Rackets didn't make men. And lesser players often bought their frames for the name stenciled on the shaft, not for its built-in technology.

Such pronounced notions were demolished in 1995, when who's next Howard Head boldly designed and perfected the large-headed frame (eventually dubbed the Prince, after its manufacturer) simply because he wanted to play a better game of tennis. He unveiled a technological feat that has remained wide open for ten years. Now we have bigger (from midsize to oversize to jumbo size, the largest, light-



er-weight (by a full two to three ounces) rackets made of space-age materials—graphite, boron, Kevlar, and carbon fibers—once confined to the building of supersonic jet fighters and the space shuttle. After jettisoning the traditional size with such mounting results, some companies also changed the shape of the racket head: the familiar round head was forsaken for oval and even square-shaped heads, all in the name of a larger "sweet spot" (the most responsive and, thus, most powerful area of the string) and unopinionated performance. Science has finally produced that miraculous item: every player has sought since the first ball sailed over the net—power and control.

After a brief wait-and-see period, the pros—always in pursuit of even the tiniest advantage over manna and better opportunities—embraced the frames with a passion. Next in out of the top twenty men and women players in the world are now wielding midsize or oversize frames.

Madison Avenue and the manufacturers have made outrageous claims for these latest new rackets. We hear Arthur Ashe, for instance, thinking about that he might have won more U.S. Opens if he had been armed with a midsize graphite frame. Bjorn Borg, who won Wimbledon, the French Open, the Italian Open, and a long series of other major events with only a humble wood frame, swears as well as under that his expertise in winning has helped the research scientists in the lab create a new graphite beauty that will make us masters of our strokes.

A lexicon of code words has sprouted up to describe the new rackets. If you want to convey the notion that your frame plays well, you might say, "It's got a huge sweet spot, a very little torque on those off-center hits, and the Kevlar inserts in the head make a play off for extra power." The good old racket names like Ted Davis Imperial, Jack Kramer, and Chris Evert

have yielded to a shortlist of numbers and high-tech nomenclature reminiscent of black executive sports cars: Mid 725, TNR, Ultra, and Turbo Plus. The good old prices have given way to money-dollars for a no-frills graphite frame and an astronomical \$450 for an all-boron model. Still, all these negatives don't cloud over the wonderful truth about these frames: they have made it easier than ever for the least gifted player to achieve a respectable game.

Before you leave your job and home for a romantic fling on the pro tour, there are some cautions to keep in mind. Even the biggest and best racket won't make you miraculously upended on the court or miraculously transform a lunkhead into a pro. Only a regimen of hard work, possibly enlightened instruction, and probably steady proper nutrition can change. No, the transition from a standard-size wood racket to the most explosive and powerful midsize and oversize graphite can range from idyllic to mind-boggling. Depending, of



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ALTHOUGH MANY CLUB PLAYERS EXPERIENCE AN ALCHEMY IN CONFIDENCE ONCE ARMED WITH A LARGER-HEADED FRAME, FEW EVER ENJOY THE FULL FRUITS OF THE RACKET BECAUSE THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND THAT THEY HAVE TO TRAILOR THEIR STROKES TO IT.

course, on your experience and natural ability it's his suddenly zipping around on the outside in a finely tuned, turbo-charged sports car after years of a tame subcompact you have to proceed with caution, planning the French expedition and your location before opening it up.

John McEnroe, who hasn't yet reached the summit of his genius, picked up a light-cr-weight graphite racket one Monday several years ago to relieve an aching shoulder. By Wednesday he was hitting his ground strokes with newfound gusto and greater fearlessness. For me—a high-C player who, even with a less stiff, mass-merit wood frame, hit tennis balls up against the backdrop with alarming regularity—success was elusive, requiring endless sessions against the backboard.

Without doubt, I hit many balls harder, thanks to the stiff shaft and head and the longer strings, which propelled the ball with increased velocity. And there was no unexpected bonus: I had always wanted to shed my basic-line guess for the advantage of serve-and-volley. The larger head gave me the psychological cushion to venture where I had rarely been: the net.

"It was a month-and-a-half head, and nothing that accentuates the positive is gone," affirms Vic Braden, a world-renowned training pro who promises to make any club player "famous by Friday." "The oversize racket has given many men, incidentally, the belief that they can do things they couldn't before. For that reason, the oversize and massive frames deserve credit."

Although many club players experience this alchemy in confidence, at court the game with stiff rather than cushioned racquets is a larger-headed frame, few ever enjoy the full fruits of the racket because they don't understand that they have to tailor their strokes to it.

I have seen it again and again," explains Ashe, U.S. Open Cup captain and Wimbledon and U.S. Open champion. "A club player picks up a massive or oversize and doesn't make full use of its advantages. He believes the serve or tries to whip the backhand and generally plays as if he still had his wood frame. These large-headed frames aren't like counters or VCRTs that you don't just play them in and away you go. You need an adjustment period."

Even Jimmy Connors and Chris Evert Lloyd, who seemed fabled to use racket for most of their competitive lives—the northbound T70000 and a standard wood, respectively—affirmed the shock of transition when they hung up their longtime weapons for the benefits of graphite. Lloyd played miserably with it the first

time out in an exhibition match in 1980 and scurried back to wood. Then, during a three-month layoff, she grew accustomed to its ways. Vic Braden Lloyd observers claim she is hitting heavier serves and ground strokes, thanks to her graphite midsize. Connors—who for months scowled the brims of the public when he was seen off-court testing the inestimable pluses of a massive graphite in TV ads, while still playing mostly with his T70000 on court—hadn't won a pro title. The pro-topo racket went back to the lab several times before he felt comfortable with its feel and performance. According to experts and opponents, the new racket helped prop up Connors' game at a time when it threatened to go downhill.

If the pros, blessed with superior hand-eye coordination and highly sensitive nerve endings, have struggled with the verities of racket technology, then imagine the task ahead of us. Don't panic.

Remember, first, that you don't have to hit the ball with the same all-out effort as you did with wood. Allow the frame to provide the pace, and concentrate instead on form. If your strokes are fluid, you'll eventually master the frame. The less-hands, which most players tend to pull serves with wild abandon, probably will need more work than the backhand, which also improves with increased power. Don't lose the power to intimidate you. Wary of hitting the ball into the next court, many players tend to up off the ball prematurely to deliver the racket's explosive-ness. This produces not only ugly strokes but ineffective ones as well.

Graphite and boron, which, incidentally, are highly efficacious—both strong and light—also deliver the heaviest, most unwieldy shape and add in the springy-goods stores and in the hands and hearts of players. Graphite fibers stiffen the shaft and head, creating a more powerful smash than take your breath away. Its impressive characteristics even farther, they are often teamed up with graphite in a so-called composite frame. Fiber gives a hot commodity these days because it endorses the stiffness of graphite and boron. Composite frames, which make their debut this year, will add still another variable in the ever-complicating game for the persnickiest. But don't allow misperceptions to perplex you. Now the frame feels as you strike the ball is the ultimate test of a racket's muscle. Try out the demystification racket at your local sporting-

goods store. The performance—or lack thereof—will tell the tale.

Stringing is as crucial to the large-headed frame's performance as it is to a Stradivarius' sweet tones. Because heavier strings are used in the larger frames, their deflection when the ball strikes them," explains Warren M. Rosenthal Jr., the Connecticut-based pro-ringer for numerous pros. "If the racket is string too loosely, you will be overstrung, and you will lose every other shot." Also, the strings maintain the frame's integrity and stability, and when string is correctly can put stress on and sometimes cause cracks in the head and throat. So find a stringer you can trust who uses up-to-date stringing machines that will give you precise tensions.

The conventional wisdom is, with oversize frames, go with the new breed of a synthetic string specially made to endure the high tensions required by most manufacturers. Move from nine-five to ninety pounds. Time-honored gut, made from animal intestines and covered by pros and club players alike for its "feel" and durability in wood frames, often doesn't last or play as well when stretched to such high levels. Massive frames are a better home for gut strings because lower tensions are acceptable in smaller frames and, as a result, allow the gut to perform at its optimum. Two cardinal rules are: don't experiment with anything if it's expensive; in large-headed frames, and create the stronger closely follows the manufacturer's recommendation to tension.

Finally, if you were born and bred on a standard size wood and are overwhelmed by an oversize, pick a midsize. The production is more and more in this range, and, equally important, your perception of its possibilities—and thus your chances of success—is probably greater.

Ultimately, though, perhaps a glossy graphite or a superstrong boron isn't your chosen weapon. A friend who is a minister in a local church has deliberately stuck to his antique Mercer Housley frame for twenty-five years. It weighs a ton, and his strings may be frayed but of one for one basis. He has my word: that there is no racket in tandem with success. Changing frames would be comparable to giving up his golf clubs—a radical alternative indeed. I hit him incessantly that even if he played with a sword-like hunk of metal, he has much long-up assistance that the best product of high technology couldn't beat him. He just laughs and continues to whip everyone in sight.

BRUCE KALIN is a magazine editor and writer based in New York.

he'd ever gone to was segregated. "That first year," he said, "down at spring training in Florida, we got on the bus after a game and I was sitting across the aisle from Bob Gibson. He was already a great pitcher, but he would become a great leader. I was a seventeen-year-old kid with a bottle of Nohu around my neck, he'd hardly even spoken to anybody black."

"Gibson saw it right away, where I was from. He said, 'Hey, kid, let me have a swallow of that.' ... I looked at his mouth and then at the top of the bottle. I said, 'I'll save you some.'"

McCarver played for St. Louis the last month of that season and spent the next four years in and out of the minors. He became the Cardinals' regular catcher in 1963, and the following year, twenty-two years old, he found himself hitting .475 in the World Series against the Yankees, driving in the winning run in game five with a three-run homer in the tenth inning. There were two more World Series in the next four years.

"For a little while there," he said, "the horizon looked vaguely visible. Ever since I was old enough to notice, I knew I was different. I never said it, but if you're always hitting a hundred points higher than anybody else on the team, you know. When you can drive better than the kids your age, and you can't drive better and hit the ball better, you've got to know it."

The thing you don't know is how far it goes, if there is some level—maybe the major leagues, maybe below—where you won't be special anymore. That can be a fearful thing to a professional athlete who has been special since he was twelve or fourteen years old and understands, as he gets older, how fragile it is.

But that never happened to McCarver; he never let it. Even at the end, when some of the talent was slipping away, he played with integrity, every day they'd let him, as well as he could. He wasn't shy about it—he didn't agree to first base on walks like Pete Rose, for instance—but he made all the everyday plays, he never cost anybody a ball game being lazy. And given the length of a season, that's as rare in baseball as it is anywhere.

And there was sweet vengeance, too. McCarver was happy on the field. He was—and is—competitive in a way that ordinary people aren't, but he wasn't afraid of losing, and that loved him to enjoy the playing. And when his ego bled—like only modern-era catcher to play in four decades—and went into the announcing booth, he wasn't afraid of that, either.

THERE HAS been a lot said, of course, about yoda in the announcing booth. Much of it has been said by announcers who were never players themselves. Often they remark you how silly they would look putting

on a uniform and trying to hit Steve Carlton's slider. They say it is the same thing for Carlton to try to step into the booth with them and call a game.

I turned on a radio last year and heard one of these experts it like this: "Just because somebody went to college doesn't make him a better surgeon."

I am going to hurt some feelings now, but this needs to be said: Announcing a baseball game on television—play-by-play or color—can't anywhere near as hard as hitting Steve Carlton's slider. It probably isn't even as hard as knee surgery.

You are, after all, telling people who are watching the same thing you are watching what they are watching. Baseball, for all its intimacy, is a representative action of situations, and the same most children understand enough, say, to break into a bank's computer—oh, nine years old—they are also old enough to tell you 90 percent of what an announcer is going to say on television. What that leaves an announcer with, then, to separate himself from a nine-year-old, is his personality, a sense of perspective, and the other 10 percent of the time. Often this is not enough.

McCarver, however, manages to remind you that he is an adult without offending you. I know that from experience.

He explains things you might not have known—"The reason he's not on third base," he said once, after Mike Schmidt hit a ball off the top of the wall, "is that he thought it was going out, and he tripped running to advance it"—without reminding you of all the other things he knows and you don't, the most crucial of them being that there are things about professional baseball you will never understand because you never played it.

And he is, in the microphone, consistently more forgiving than the announcers who never played.

"I never forget how difficult baseball was to play," he said. "I don't talk down on a player, although I'll criticize what he does. I'll tell the truth, but I keep it in the context of the game. And I'm down in the clubhouse every day, so if anybody's got a bitch, we can clear the air. I'll always let a kid, maybe I was wrong."

Said, maybe I was wrong.

I look at these five words and have to smile, remembering the night I got payman orders in Philadelphia, and the way my wife looked at me when I tried to explain mathematically and grammatically. Of course, she never says, "Thanks for thinking of me, but I don't think we ought to." She says, "You're also-brained drunk, aren't you?"

She certainly never says, "Maybe I was wrong."

But Tim does. And that's why I am ignoring him for that night.

And not him.

PETE SEATZLER is a columnist for the Tulsa *World-Tiger*. He is currently enjoying Deadwood, but doesn't want.

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STAY TUNED: A NEW CONCRETE MIXTURE FOR THE TUNNEL THE PRICE COULD BE AS LOW

It's worth remembering that for all the talk of bankruptcy, that fills the air, not more than one company in two hundred actually goes under in a given year. The big ones, like Chrysler and International Harvester, get used by the whims of the government or bank holders; the others are protected by the ever-changing winds of a free-market economy. Either way, the odds are quite good that a non-bankrupt company will be able to accomplish what my friend Marvin can only dream of—return to prosperity.

According to Randolph Up

used this out all by myself, but actually Randy Updyke told me; he's a leading proponent of "failure investing." And during my long period of ignorance, it turns out that Marvin was also practicing the principle.

It is also true that in early 1981 Marvin read in the newspaper that a company called Lafayette Electronics could make possibly as little as 1¢ a unit. Marvin knew that Lafayette had several assets that might be worth something in the marketplace, even if the company had lost \$17 million since 1980 fiscal year. It had at least two accelerating factors: good relations and something called "tax-loss carryforwards," which is a fancy term for the way a company can turn its operating losses into a deduction against future tax payments. Since most non-banking companies have lots of losses, most of these have lots of tax-loss carryforwards, too.

So Marvin started thinking about buying some Lafayette stock. He had a big advantage over most other investors, especially the big institutional investors. The institutions often have rules against investing in semi-bankrupt companies; because of that, they don't often bother to figure out the true potential value of a company's holdings, so neither have a word they might soon. It's one thing to figure that Chrysler is going to get government loan guarantees, or that International Harvester might get

The odds are good that a near-bankrupt

But corporate overbooks happen all the time. When a company called Interstate Stairs

The Tax Adviser Can I Keep It in the Family?



The tax advice in this column comes from Eugene Schiwe, partner in charge of tax and financial planning for the New York office of Peat, Marwick, Mitchell & Co.

This old and much cherished family practice of passing money from parent to child is under attack. Interest-free loans—long the chosen grey of tax collectors—have been widely re-examined in one of the smart income laws of child-wealthy income from the highest tax brackets. These loans, generally considered outside the scope of estate and income tax provisions of the IRS, provided an attractive way to send assets to children or to help support older parents. But so effective did the IRS

deem this form of financial support that in the new tax bill it stopped on a number of tough restrictions that have virtually eradicated this type of interfamily giving.

On close inspection, the new restrictions—which President Reagan signed into law last July—appear to be a net-zero-sum game. The tax breaks on most interest-free loans made by parents to their children. In the past, interest-free loans enabled a parent to transfer assets to a child without making a taxable gift, and another party had to recognize income that could be taxed under the applicable rules. But under the new rules, these loans are treated as taxable transactions.

A circular two-step procedure now treats the ben-

eficiary (usually the child) as making interest payments to the lender (parent). These payments, even though they're not actually made, are considered taxable interest income. The lender is also treated as having made a gift to the child equal to the interest payments and is taxed accordingly. Essentially the IRS is treating transactions between family members as they would see other type of loan, and applying an interest rate—referred to as the "applicable federal rate"—which is adjusted every six months.

The new bill stands on its own, the whole system of making family loans now the child is entitled to the income tax deduction, and the parents risk losing a potential gift tax if the amount of the low-interest loan exceeds the annual exclusion of \$10,000. The second simply limits the tax on interest if the borrower's net investment income is low and the loans do not exceed \$10,000. This rule does not affect the gift tax.

Tax advisors are a reluctant crew, though, and they've uncovered a loophole in their client's favor. This "qualified interest-free loan" is a family loan. A parent can transfer property into the trust and generate income for the child without making a taxable gift. The trust can then use the income to pay for the child's education or living expenses or to pay for the child's support.

ILLUSTRATION BY BOB COLE

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SMART MONEY

Real Estate

The Return of the Row House

Row houses were built to give a feeling of spaciousness without using precious urban acreage. They still do, but the spirit is different. Today's rehabilitated units carry with

them a sense of revival, of urban renaissance. So along with their real estate, row owners purchase a kind of connectedness with the history of their city. —Reported by Joseph Glavin



BROOKLYN



ST. LOUIS



BALTIMORE

This five-story row house, built circa 1855, is owned by a Brooklyn architect and his family. The parlor floor has a central hall with a fireplace, a large formal dining room, a family room and kitchen, and a breakfast area with sliding glass doors that lead to a deck. The living room and study are on the third floor, and the fourth floor has a master bedroom suite and another bedroom and bath. On the top floor are three more bedrooms and two baths. Details in the house include stained-glass windows and wood paneling and wainscoting of oak, mahogany, and maple. Its current value is estimated at \$475,000.

PROPERTY VIEW REALTY, BROOKLYN

This three-story house, built in 1942, is an example of midcentury modern. It was constructed with a facade that has historical details similar to the other houses in the neighborhood. The ground floor has a living and dining room area with a fireplace, and an oak kitchen. Off the kitchen is a master porch, with steps leading to the backyard. Upstairs are a bedroom and a study, each with doors to the second-floor porch, as well as a family room and bath. The master bedroom, on the third floor, has a skylight and leads to a deck. The owners, a copywriter and a restaurant manager, bought their house for \$111,000.

MARK CORREIA PHILLIPS, ST. LOUIS

Built in 1905, this Baltimore row house has been renovated by the architect and building contractor who owns it. They bought the house for \$46,000 and spent \$78,000 on renovation. On the ground floor are the kitchen, dining room, and a small sitting room with a new fireplace. The second floor has a family area, including a bedroom, playroom, and bath. On the third floor are the master bedroom and dressing room. French doors lead from the dressing room to a deck overlooking the backyard. The top floor has skylights and a newly added kitchenette. The house is now valued at \$290,000.

BY APPOINTMENT, BALTIMORE

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Bus and add-on modules* 8-bit and 16-bit modules	Printers Supports parallel, serial and printer devices
Audio/Video LBM and 200Kb display driver*	Permanent Memory 1024Kb (4Mb) Expandable with battery*
200Kb hard disk drive*	Connectivity Direct connect with history*
4, 7MB maximum auxiliary memory*	Test Mode Graphics Mode Communications
Keyboard True point enter and playback 84 keys 30 key cursor Caps lock, Num Lock and scroll lock and 10000	Networking High performance, high capacity stations on the IBM PC Network*
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SMART MONEY

The Strategist How to Take a Meeting



Unfortunately, it's impossible to predict whether a meeting will succeed. They do, after all, involve human beings and passions. But you can take certain steps to make sure you get out unscathed, if not boosted. So take the time beforehand to ask yourself some hard questions.

What's in it for me? Most formal sessions, called by autocratic bosses and attended by the multitude, are lost evenings where competitive subordinates grapple for position and status before their masters. Of course, it's impossible to completely avoid big meetings with lobby agendas, for they provide something dear to every senior manager's heart: the illusion of planned activity. But serious business is rarely conducted at the lock-room, the game is won in the hallways, where decisions are made, and in the trenches, one-on-one. These are the meetings to cultivate, because that's where you can shine.

Where's meeting in this anyway? It's not your meeting, so back and let the guy who called it run it. If it is yours, jot down a brief agenda and stick to it. Don't abuse your role; this isn't a social affair at Harvard. It's a business meeting. People want to get to lunch.

If it's not my meeting, should I speak? Sure, if only to say what's on your mind. But don't hog the limelight. Nobody likes a ho, especially other hoars. In high-level gatherings, where truly Olympian self-images prevail, with protocols and forms as sacrosanct as a ritual, it may be best to speak only when spoken to, unless you, too, are an egomaniac and must flex your muscles.

How much should I prepare? In answer, less than most. Even when you're giving a day-and-purge alone. Meetings are essentially exercises in self-marketing, and no one likes to be hard-sold. Not long ago, a friend related a story of a top executive vice-president at a technology firm who was asked to make a brief presentation, a get-to-know-you chat, at a monthly meeting of the general staff. The new man came prepared to a fault. His agent took thirty minutes. It began with some extensive personal background, then launched into his plans for his department, complete with slide show. "By the end of that meeting," recalls my friend, also a vice-president, "the guy was no longer viable. We just wanted to say hi, and he went into this orgy of self-promotion. Who wanted to hear all that stuff?"

A little healthy underpre-

paration can pump just the right dose of adrenaline through your veins and inject a sense of danger into the proceedings that other executives, expecting nothing and on the verge of sleep, may appreciate. Come armed with the facts and visuals you need, yes, but the ability to improvise—even a little bit—is impressive, even mysterious, to those who cannot.

What should I say any floor time? Pick one piece of business that you want to get done—win an additional budget line or a new employee, clarify a strategy, deliver an assignment or a status report—but be sure to come at it with your own approach, whether you're attending a formal meeting to which you're expected to contribute, or an anticipated time-a-life with the president. If you don't, people will think you're an ineffectual slacker who does nothing but take up space and impedes to other people's agendas.

Can I crack a joke? Humor can be the greatest asset you bring to any gathering. Fortunately, you don't have to be very funny to tell a corporate audience. Just the intonation of wit often sends a room of inhibited gloomy executives into paroxysms of laughter. I've heard punch lines like "It certainly is" or "No looking back" send a room of bladders from a number seven, with senior management removing bananas to wipe their eyes from the swirl of their amusement.

Whatever you choose to do, try to make every meeting, no matter how fleeting or unimportant, count. It may lead to other meetings of greater importance, and even fun. Last month, a friend in a real corporation, a charming, low-key guy known for his excellent meeting skills, accepted an invite to spend a week with his clients and set his key managers at it. They hit the slopes at Aspen, ate and drank to excess, and sorted out operational difficulties around a heavy fireplace at night. Next week, he'll go again. Who needs it, you can get it. —Stanley Tang

A marketer I know recently found himself trapped in an all-day quarterly planning meeting. Crumpled like down into a Volkswagen bus, the executive train of thirty were to finish their ideas just the chairman. "First subjects the room," he reports. "Everybody was in there for two reasons: to launch their balloons and to shoot down everyone else's. I stood up and gave what I thought was a very good idea, and there was this little pause, then the chairman said, 'Okay. On to the next.' I was devastated. That sort of thing went on all day. I haven't had so much fun since I was kicked to the head."

There are meetings that can kill—bored and boring as a common enemy, meetings can stand up in the next breath, on the fly, meetings in which hundreds of middle managers whip themselves into a frenzy warping the corporate agenda, meetings in which the fate of thousands is sealed, meetings in which nothing happens for six hours and everyone goes home. No two are alike, and any one of them could lead to glory, too.

Several years ago a friend of mine witnessed the downfall of his boss at a late-night project crunch when everybody was a little cranky. All the key players were there, including the boss, for work day yesterday, and my friend's boss was guilty of laissez-faire and a certain amount of cynicism about the wisdom of these sessions. After the meeting the chief executive turned to a lieutenant and said, "I don't even want to be at another meeting with that guy. He's a drag." Six months later my friend had a new boss.

Successful meetings, on the other hand, create a ring glow of good fellowship, an eagerness among all parties to attend subsequent, at-down, working lunches, informal chats, or dinners with the same terrific people. This sense of rapport and self-coordination is what lets at the warm and fuzzy heart of every corporate deal, be it going from American or loan and client Japanese.

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SMART MONEY

Insurance

Tuning Up Your Auto Policy



On April 19th, a scenario that no insurance premium is due. Despite moderating inflation, medical and collision repair costs have continued to escalate, and any rate hike, like yours, will probably be higher that just because you are paying a lot. There is no insurance you have the right to expect or are getting your money's worth. Even if your premium is not due for a few more months, this is a good time to extract your auto policy from the policy and give it a check-over. Here are a few tips.

● New car owners in particular worry about every little scratch and nick, let alone theft. While you will no doubt want both collision coverage (for accidental damage) and comprehensive (which covers everything else, from fire to theft) for any car with high resale value, the standard \$500 deductible is probably costing you more than it is worth.

First, you may not need to report every \$500 or \$600 claim. For fear of having your premium increased, in fact if you can afford to absorb a largest portion of any loss, your rates will go down substantially in New York, for instance, you can typically save 50 percent of your annual premium by dropping your collision deductible to \$100, or 40 percent by raising it to \$1,000. On your comprehensive, the savings could be 25 or 40 percent, depending on your own policy. On any other policy I discovered that increasing any deductible to \$500 for both collision and comprehensive would yield me an annual savings

of \$104.85. Where will this money go? Toward increasing my liability limits.

● The most important portion of anyone's policy is liability. Should you have a major accident, insufficient coverage could cost you the rest over your head—literally. The majority of states have minimum compulsory liability limits, which could be expanded as \$5,000/10. This would mean \$25,000 of bodily injury coverage per person per accident, with a \$50,000 total per accident, plus \$10,000 for property damage. Most agents recommend you spend a few dollars to convert this to a single limit that would provide \$50,000 worth of coverage for any combination of bodily injury and property damage.

wage loss. The only problem is that the amount of mandatory coverage may not be enough (except in Michigan and New Jersey, where there is no cap on medical payments). No-fault (or medical payments) and wage loss coverage in states without no-fault should be reviewed to compare with your health and disability policies. If your other coverage is top-notch, you may not need additional no-fault.

In case of lost status, insurance coverage needs also differ. A discount (40 percent to 20 to 35 percent of your no-fault premium in New York, for example) if you elect to have your comprehensive medical policy pay for any hospitalization. Otherwise, the cost of increasing your personal injury protection is relatively modest, says "Trenton's" Shubert. "You're talking only five dollars a \$50,000 deductible annually."

● Insurance premiums differ widely from state to state, city to city, and even within the same city for identical coverage. In Manhattan, rates went among twenty of the top companies differ by as much as 88 percent, according to the New York State Insurance Department survey. Shopping around can save you money, but once you are happy with a company, it pays to stick with it. Must you forgive the first at-fault accident? If you have five years of accident-free record with the company, And while it is not stated in writing, a co-pay is less likely to drop a longtime customer than a new one. —Peter B. Lawrence

Financial

HOTLINE

If you don't believe that Doyle Wood can teach you to read fast, take heart. For lavishly illustrated readers, or those who just can't keep up with their executive subscriptions, Woodstock Executive Tape Service (800-525-8282) offers the latest papers for these fast-paced times; semiregular business reports called two weekly of his leading publications—everything from Forbes to the Harvard Business Review—recorded

on cassette for \$295 annual service. Unfortunately, Doyle Wood and John Hoxton were not available, or anonymous professionals read the news.

Wood all investors who dream of putting together the perfect portfolio, with a delicately nuanced selection of stocks and balanced investment strategy, might try looking at Market Logic, an investment newsletter from the Institute for Econometric Research (305-563-9000). The newsletter is published by a private company run by two successful stock analysts (operating out of Fort Lauderdale, Florida) who share the

philosophy that you can beat the market. They lay down their research techniques in undecoded prose. The Market Financial Digest (not Market Logic) one of the full-discussion services that have generally outperformed the market averages during the time it has been monitoring them (5135 a year).

The latest in high-tech recreation for executives is a simulation software that makes the highs and lows of the financial markets and requires the same kind of resources available as an old-fashioned game of Monopoly. Blue Chip Software's latest computer game, called Squares, simulates

real market fluctuations while the player tries to prosper by drawing on conventional trading wisdom, and leveling the stockbroker's flipperette with—that is not one willing to consult his own capital to the risks involved in the market should advise others to do so—square includes a "wealth mode," which allows you to play the market using your own assets, and retirement goals. There's also a warning to overzealous players: don't try to translate your simulated success into the real thing.

Enlightened speculators are new looking at the houses with an eye to launching projects and setting profits. They want start-up money companies need a little help getting off the ground. Private lenders interested in backing space firms—manufacturing something from rockets for the shuttle to galactic assembly crystals to space—can buy limited partnerships in exchange for a share of the Grand Ledge Project. The Ledge Investment Group (1972 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02146) matches investors with space companies. It also publishes a monthly newsletter called Space.

Now you can trade all night if you want to be the Singapore International Monetary Exchange and the Chicago Mercantile Exchange recently closed the first link in a unified global twenty-four-hour futures trading. For the first time, traders can establish futures positions on one exchange and liquidate them at the other during the night. Financial institutions and corporations all over the world will be the principal users of the future linkage, to limit their exposure on foreign exchange or to hedge against fluctuations in short-term interest rates. It will also be popular with currency futures traders, because a significant percentage of the market's moves occur overnight, particularly in the active cash markets in Europe and the Far East.

A software company called Electronic Arts, canceling that. So many business programs are entering in their complexity, how come up with an idea for office software that is appropriate for "most of us." The program, called Get It Done!, includes a powerful word processor for letters, memos, and reports; an index-card file to keep track of contacts or published lists; an address book to replace the clunky Rolodex; and the electronic communications capability to hook up data bases and communicate with book services. Get It Done! (\$199) runs on IBM PC, Compaq, and most IBM-compatible computers. —By Janet Conant

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DEAN WITTER
Worth asking about.

Nobody wanted to pay \$2.50 to see *A Separate Peace* again. Even Kim Jorgensen knew that. But when they eventually likely to push down the same amount of money to see it for the second time. But Jorgensen and his partners had a suspicion that if they put the two movies together on a double bill for a single price, they just might sell a lot of tickets at the Fox Venice Theater on their first night in owners. So they tried it—and filled the place. Feeling confident, they showed *The Godfather* and *The Wild Child* next again the theater was packed.

Today, twelve years later, Jorgensen and partners Gary Meyer and Steve Gold are owners of a twenty-three-theater chain based precisely on the rules they learned those hot summer nights: people love to see old movies, but people also think they're worth about half as much as new ones. It's an economic principle that has earned the Landmark Theatre chain close to \$14 million in gross revenues in 1983—and allowed Kim Jorgensen to experience the thrill he'd dreamed of ever since he was a child growing up in Denmark. "There was this mystery—the dark theater and that bright light," he remembers. Now he owns the company.

From Milwaukee to San Diego, Landmark runs theaters that show either old movies or first-run art films—patrons arrive now with the aid of a computer that can tell in seconds whether *Godfrey* Calais plays better with Hal Ashby or Mike Nichols. The more romantic of us might have assumed that Landmark's success can be attributed to the pairing of two particular movies—that if a window in one city is probably works in all of them, making the double bill almost generic.

"Some people have accused us of being a McDonald's of movies," Jorgensen says. "And I don't mind. We allow people to see

The Entrepreneur Mining the Silver Screen



Kim Jorgensen stands in front of the Fox Venice Theater in Los Angeles.

movies they wouldn't get a chance to see otherwise."

Jorgensen had grown up with a passion for movies—first as a very young boy at the repertory cinema of Copenhagen, then as a teenager in Milwaukee; after his parents left Denmark. At first he didn't speak any English, and the neighborhood movie theater was his only refuge; later, it became a hangout for his greatest pleasure. In 1972 he moved to Los Angeles to get a diploma in cooperative literature at UCLA—but he allowed his passion to consume him, dropping out of school for a job as assistant to the head booker at the National Cinema theater chain in Los Angeles.

He soon noticed that one of the chain's least successful theaters, the Fox Venice, had more potential than the chain was giving it credit for. It was in

a neighborhood filling up with young, upwardly mobile types, and the programming generally ran to black exploitation films. He found that it would not cost anything to take over the chain's lease on the money-laundering, and with the help of a local art collector that Jorgensen and performed over the theater and had a lot of family money behind it, he took it over.

At first, it was tough to get big distributors to give their old movies at reasonable prices. Jorgensen offered Paramount films one dollar a day for a bulk order of older titles; they said they needed twenty-one. "The big distributors have never been real sensitive to our needs," he says now. "A one-day booking doesn't really mean to them when they've got *Star Wars* to get out."

Then in 1974, armed with money he'd borrowed from a California conscience business, Jorgensen struck out on

his own—acquiring the lease on the West Theater in West Los Angeles for about \$50,000 in 1976. Jorgensen and the company he formed took over the 1,400-seat Berkeley Theater in Berkeley. "That's when I knew that Landmark was going to be around for a while," he says. "The distributors didn't necessarily understand what we were doing, but they noticed us." In the next two years Landmark expanded from six to twenty theaters; in the last seven, it has grown to its current twenty-three-theater size.

Landmark has pioneered in several key ways to ensure its success. One is the traveling festival, which introduced movies from countries like Austria and Brazil and led to the commercial release of films like *Die Bräut*. Landmark was the first to show *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* in a movie house. At the height of the Rocky Horror craze, the chain was showing it at midnight in thirteen theaters across the country. Now it regularly programs movies at midnight throughout the chain. Landmark also showcases first-run art movies and "festival" programming, where it will, any show as many of Charlie Chaplin's movies as it can find, and call it *Charlie's Festival*.

Today Jorgensen has earned well into the millions from his success. Now he wants to be a full-time producer. Three years ago he bought the rights in Italy, *Dionysus's God of All*, now, he'll be the executive producer of the movie, which is now being made with Meryl Streep and Richard Gere. He's a success, but he's not called *Savior* in the works, as well as an untold credit project. This first movie production will open this spring, called *Red Moon*, it will be released through New World Pictures. He'll know it's a true success if it shows up one day in part of a Landmark double feature.

—John Menckiewicz

Loose Change

When was a dream? In 1984 the Prospect Arms, a movie-lease firm based in the Oakland A's, over for about \$550,000. The 2,300-seat stadium was included: balls, bats, and catcher's equipment were not. In 1983 the Silver Screen in Harrison, New York, a five-handout-seat theater built in the 1920s, responded for about \$20,000 with a five-year lease. In 1983 Dollar Ticketland (yes, brother of Frank) bought radio station WCLM/TV in Ashburn, North Carolina, for about \$400,000. He used it up, bought a new transmitter, and sold it early this year for \$2.5 million.

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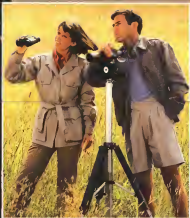
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THE NEW AMERICA

Changing Patterns of Life and Thought in the 1980s

COMPUTER CULTURE

Telecomputing for Tots

WHAT IS COMPUTER literacy? First Hill Elementary School in Vienna, Virginia, has answered the education establishment's query in a unique way. During the spring of 1984 the school began training sixth graders to connect a computer terminal with a telephone line and use it to fetch names, dates, and index citations from a computerized data bank 2,500 miles away.

The First Hill program is among the first of its kind in the United States. Whereas most schools teach computer education only with learning-to-write programs, First Hill also anticipates the day when families will use electronic data retrieval as casually as they now use the telephone. The elementary school students practice on selected files from the Dialog data



Playtime in the data basement.

bank is mostly toward Lachland subsidiaries in Palo Alto, California, which contain some one hundred million citations from most of the world's major periodicals.

During president Roger K. Sturges, whose data-base company has more than fifty thousand institutional customers in eighty-seven countries, knows

that in order to see bigger profits he will have to move owners of home computers. According to Jon Korman, a New York research firm, 40 percent of American households will be equipped with personal computers by 1989, compared with the fewer than 12 percent that have them today. First Hill Hill's perspective, that education may be conservative, already, half-price of the school's 100 sixth

graders have computers in their homes. BY TIM WALLER

High Art Hits the Home Screen

How would you like to see America's best known cartoon art figure, William Wegman's Man Ray, in your living room? What about Alvin Karpis? He switches a videotape in his law office, recorded by New York Post. A handful of video artists are gambling that video art is ready to break out of galleries and museums to reach the largest of audiences: VCR owners.

New Video, a New York City store, has been carrying thirty-seven tapes by independent filmmakers and video artists since November 1984. Steve Savaris, Michael Pollack, Steve Savage, and Howard Lagna approached just twenty-five artists last spring, hoping to find eight who were interested in buying the store and sell their work. "We got thirty-two, even though I told them, 'You won't make any money. Watch my lips—you won't make any money,'" Of course, not making money is hardly news to video artists, whose video-derived income comes mostly from museums and universities. Nevertheless, at first the artists loved that video availability might develop the aspirational market for their work, with retail prices for art tapes ranging between thirty-five and seventy-five dollars, and rental fees ranging around three dollars. New Video's prices are about 200 percent lower than the institutional price. But the possibility of a broader audience was also over. "Today at New Video, half the artists' tapes are not at

all, they are steady, if not brisk. The artists' market is, obviously, greater nationally rather than money.

The retailers tend to prefer video art that leans toward the narrative and entertainment values of popular culture, as opposed to the formal rigor of the fine arts. New Video stocks a variety of video art, ranging from the offbeat humor of Michael Smith to the MTV-without-lip-synchronization of John Saubers/Kat Fitzgerald.

The store also carries tapes by people best known for their work in other media, such as choreographer Merce Cunningham working in collaboration with video artist Charles Atlas. New Video also carries a strong selection of tapes by New York-based independent

work in the New Wave style of black and white.

The video art trend is not strictly an eastern phenomenon. Casque Video, a store near Berkeley, California, has had success with its collection of works by San Francisco documentarians, notably local favorite Les Blank, best known for his portraits of regional musicians. And in St. Louis, Movies to Go carries videos distributed by the San Francisco Video Festival.

All the retailers agree that a market is emerging, if slowly. Pollack, Savage, and Lagna are making plans to have one hundred titles by the end of 1985 and to distribute them, with effective packaging and promotion, to other retailers. Meanwhile, a consumer case next to New Video's tapes by New York Post for three dollars—are great art on



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GOODYEAR

Toxicology Without Tears

THE MEDICAL SELF-CARE movement has taken on a new face as communities exposed to toxic wastes. Frustrated by federal and local officials who won't act on potentially deadly chemicals in the soil and water, many citizens are learning how to conduct their own community health surveys. Like "barrelot doctors"—the rural paramedics who brought health care to remote Chinese villages—these new self-care activists have become "barrelot epidemiologists."

Lorraine Ross, thirty-three, mother of four, is an example. After high levels of the carcinogenic solvent U.S.-11-chlorobenzene were found at the public well serving her San Jose, California, neighborhood in 1982, Ross compiled a list of locals with unusual health problems. At the top was her nine-month-old daughter, who had been born with serious congenital heart defects. Although the community seemed to suffer a disproportionate number of pregnancy disorders, miscarriages, and rare birth defects, the county health department refused to investigate, claiming that the apparent cluster was not statistically significant.

Ross and her neighbors continued to document the community's health problems, held neighborhood meetings, and took to the media. Eventually, the pressure tactics worked. The state and county launched two in-depth epidemiological studies of pregnancies in Los Pinos County, and an unprecedented county ordinance was passed that requires the monitoring of underground chemical storage tanks (the contaminated well was linked to a leaking storage tank at a nearby electronics manufacturer). A similar statewide measure is pending in the California legislature.

Barrelot epidemiologists are getting help these days from Lon Gibbs and her organization, Citizens Clearinghouse for Hazardous Wastes. Gibbs was the organizer of the Love Canal Homeowners Association, which ultimately convinced state and federal officials to investigate a possible link between the residents' births and an old toxic waste dump in the upstate New York community. Based on the detective work of the residents of that community, which indicated far greater contamination than

the health officials found, the entire Love Canal neighborhood was evacuated and its homes purchased by the government.

The citizens' over, Gibbs moved to Arlington, Virginia, and in 1981 formed the Citizens Clearinghouse to assist communities trying to keep hazardous waste facilities out of their backyards, to clean existing sites, or to clean up old dumps. The group also offers advice on how to conduct a "community health profile," which enables people who live where they've been exposed to hazardous wastes to find out on

their own if there really is a problem, or to pressure local agencies into doing a more in-depth study.

Dr. Marvin Luster, epidemiologist at the University of Texas at Galveston and author of *The Health Defender's Handbook* (Johns Hopkins University Press, to be published this year), sees barrelot epidemiology as the voice of the future. "In every community, an intelligent housewife or two, with the time and a telephone, can pull together the neighbors to do a high-quality, personal health survey," he says. "We've got the labor pool in these communities. Let's use it."

BY GABRIEL JENSEN

Meditating En Masse on Survival

IN JANUARY AND July of 1984 thousands of meditators came to Fairfield, Iowa, TM's U.S. headquarters, for an experiment. They gathered at Mahanta International University (an accredited school) twice a day for two weeks to meditate, while MTV scientists intently monitored world news.

"There are many precedents in nature that a small number of units, operating collectively, can influence the whole," explains MTV associate psychology professor Charles "Skip" Alexander (Ph.D., Harvard). In TM theory, if enough conscious minds are cohesive, their harmony creates world violence. The number needed, they think, is the square root of one percent of the world's population, or—far less—6,400. Dr. Alexander had tested the unified field effect on a smaller scale in Israel. Two hundred meditators assembled, and independent observers noted that during the test period the number of war deaths dropped, as did the number of homicides, suicides, reported accidents due to fires, and deaths by choking.

Tests like this encourage MTV officials, who decided to try for the whole world in 1984. Again scientists saw results they liked: the level of international conflict was down, stock markets up, at centers. TM leaders then decided to set up a permanent community of at least seven thousand meditators in Fairfield. That's where people like commodities broker Frederic Foreman became important. To attract talented meditators, the community needs good jobs, exciting and high paying enough for them to rent to a remote farming town in Iowa. Foreman's brokerage house is one of several hundred near TM's spiritual headquarters in Fairfield.

Of course, critics attack TM as pseudoscience. But attacking or defending it is to fail to perceive what is unique about this venture. These people are working to create heaven on earth even for war-mongers—and perhaps still as a few commodities of the side. Why argue with peace? by Patricia Wertheil

Making sense together



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LIVING COLOURS



COLOURS by Alexander Julian
A man should be as alive as he looks.

PROFILE

Esquire

Prince Donny



Donny Graham looks nervously on second base. He is late for a Post board of directors' dinner at his mother's house in Georgetown, and though he fears, Advertising, in skipping the D.C. Department of Corrections (D.C.), Graham himself has yet to connect with a solid hit. "Call 7.30 for me," he's told, and each trip to the bench has apologetic, "What time is it now?" But at 3:15 he stands doggedly at second, the Washington Monument loom behind him in the distance.

The Ad boys are reading publisher's-bait stories. They swell. Historians between turns at bat and laugh about Don, who, long before he succeeded his mother, Katharine, as publisher of the Post, played blocking back in a coach football game against a tough squad from the Post's military' union, and "sacred had his head ripped off."

"They couldn't wait to take a shot at the pub-

lican's son," an Ad boy explains. "Don hang in the whole game, and they beat the crap out of him."

Graham barrels round third base, but a fly ball scares the side, and he sags easily toward his teammates. They are good, burly fellows, beer drinkers and grub-eaters. Graham is an obviously out of them. An aristocratic Harvard starbase, Phi Beta Kappa, president of the Congress, heir too great an heirloom, and a man who James Thurman predicted "will be the next distinguished publisher of his own generation in this century," he looks finely bred. And less.

The Ad team clutches it against Corrections, and in a flash Graham is behind his car pulling on a conservative suit. Somewhere over in Georgetown, his mother sips a cocktail and makes small talk with her guests. Graham glances back wistfully at the gang—then is gone.

TIME ILLUSTRATION'S portrait of Donald Lusk appeared in the January Esquire.

As the eldest son of Katharine the Great, Donald Graham had an epic choice: he could rule *The Washington Post*, or it could rule him

by Toby Thompson

Donald J. Graham has recently come into his own as the publisher of one of the best newspapers in America, but that paper, *The Washington Post*, has loomed over him since birth. His grandfather, Eugene Meyer, bought it in 1933 as a bankruptcy sale and had carried it to respectability, if not profitability, by 1945, when Don was born. That same year, Don's father, Phil Graham, finally accepted Meyer's offer to take over as publisher. It was not the future Graham had envisioned for himself (a war at Harvard Law, protégé of Justice Felix Frankfurter, he planned to practice law, then run for the Senate and, perhaps, let President), but Meyer was insistent that the *Post* remain a family trust. Key, though interested in journalism, had been passed over by her father—because she was a woman and because her father preferred Phil.

Don was the second of six children born to Phil and Kay, the first boy—welcomed into the world with the expectation that he would finish what his grandfather had started. Just before Don's ninth birthday Phil bought out the morning competition, finally making the paper financially secure. "The real significance of this event," remarked Eugene Meyer at the time, "is that it makes the paper safe for Donny."

To a nine-year-old, the significance found its expression in simpler ways. That first morning, in 1954, after the *Post* merged with the *Times Herald*, four full pages of comics appeared in the paper, more comics than were offered anywhere in America, and they made a deep impression upon Don's classmates at St. Albans School, of whom he was one. Yesterday he'd been another bright, yet terribly shy kid. Today it felt like he owned *Dick Tracy*.

Don Graham did not know of his grandfather's plans for him. "It was always clear," his brother Bill remembers, "that you couldn't expect to work for the *Post* because you were a Graham, but that if you did what whatever it was you were doing, the possibility was always there." But if Don had always been nervous—"like a flea on a hot needle," says John Davis, a St. Albans administrator during those years—he became more nervous after the merger, and driven to prove himself.

All three Graham brothers, Don and Bill and Steve, would serve on *The St. Albans News*. But Don would become editor. His elder sister, Lolly—at an elite school—was "a serious student," Bill recalls, "but did not manifest the same intense interest in journalism that Don did." "It was what he liked," Kay Graham says, "so I guess there was no surprise that, since that's what he liked and that's what he wanted to do, that's what he would do."

Back then Kay Graham was another strong housewife, often seen bundled up in the bleachers at school. Phil, by contrast, was undeniably "dynamic, with a loose sense of humor." "We were circum-

sioned to express wit," recalls Steve, the youngest brother, "instead of emotion." For wit was Phil Graham's forte, which had helped make him a prize mover and the most influential publisher of his day in Washington. But after 1957 Phil Graham became a desperately ill man, a manic-depressive. And though he more than anyone was making the *Post* successful, he risked against his role as Meyer's son-in-law, against the paper as a tainted gift, and what he saw in his married career in politics.

Don suffered at home with Phil's conflicts—"My father's long silences," Steve Graham remembers, "then dinner with Jack Kennedy or Lyndon Johnson, where you had to compete to be noticed and there was this tremendous pressure to excel, particularly on Don because of his grandfather"—but also at school, where as early as adulthood was forced upon him.

"Donny behaved as crazy as our political boys do," Davis says. "Cautious, didn't say anything that can be quoted. Otherwise, it all goes home. Somebody might say, 'Do you know what Donny Graham told me?' And the *Washington Post* will pick it up."

He wanted journalism, but was scared of showing his hand, of being teased and perhaps forced waiting. So he became, simply, the best at everything. He took much from his dad in athletics, in wrestling, and in a fierce game of tennis.

"I don't know why he hasn't jumped out of a window," Steve Graham says.

In July of 1954, Don Graham stands in the mailroom of *The Washington Post*, determinedly addressing the bundled-up letters at the Eugene Meyer Awards—started in 1910 to celebrate the fifth anniversary of Meyer's purchase of the paper.

The Meyer legacy is a weighty one at the *Post*. The son of an immigrant Jewish parent, Don's grandfather had been a renowned lawyer who set up Allied Chemical, helped with the financing of World War I, ended in his days before the crash, and served as head of the Federal Reserve Board and president of the World Bank.

"That's the model as Don Graham's best," says William Greider, formerly of the *Post* but now national editor of *Rolling Stone*. "A hardheaded businessman, unperceptive, but honorable."



Climbing toward the *Post* like an Albatross, Donny Graham was a young, shy, and nervous kid who grew up with the legacy of his grandfather. Today he is a top leader at the *Post*. (Photo by John Doe)

Mon.



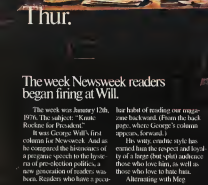
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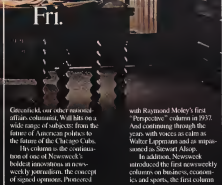
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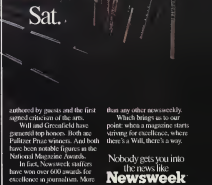
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The week Newsweek readers began firing at Will.

The week was January 12th, 1976. The subject: "Kruste Rockline for President."

It was George Will's first column for Newsweek. And as he compared the histrionics of a pragmatic speech to the hysteria of pre-election politics, a new generation of readers was born. Readers who have a pecu-

liar habit of reading our magazine backward. (From the back page, where George's column appears, forward.)

His witty, erudite style has earned him the respect and loyalty of a large (but split) audience: those who love him, as well as those who love to hate him.

Alternating with Meg

Greenfield, our other national-affairs columnist, Will hits on a wide range of subjects: from the future of American politics to the future of the Chicago Cubs.

His column is the continuation of one of Newsweek's boldest innovations in news-weekly journalism: the concept of signed opinions. Pioneered

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authored by guests and the first signed criticism of the arts.

Will and Greenfield have garnered top honors. Both are Pulitzer Prize winners. And both have been notable figures in the National Magazine Awards.

In fact, Newsweek staffers have won over 600 awards for excellence in journalism. More

than any other news-weekly.

Which brings us to our point: when a magazine starts striving for excellence, where there's a Will, there's a way.

Nobody gets you into
the news like
Newsweek

"Better him than me," quipped Steve Graham.

Don, stood alone with Key that first afternoon, at an architectural consultancy inside the Post, and said, "Teddy is in the rest of my life, my mother has been me every-



THE DEFENDANT: Dean Ramsey, forty-year-old oil rigger

THE PLAINTIFF: Elizabeth Buford, twenty-five-year-old newlywed

THE ATTORNEYS: a veteran trial lawyer and his former protégé

THE OUTCOME: an uneasy decision by twelve decent citizens

Verdict on a Rape

Gender violence is a serious offense under state law in Wyoming. As brought by *Rape*, Schreiner and Spiegel reveal the complexities involved after every innocent crime.

by Gerry Spence

The courtroom in Gillette, this small Wyoming boomtown of oil and coal, was already overflowing with an assortment of good citizens, twelve prospective jurors, and with excitement. Some of the women were dressed like nuns, and the men were all dressed like cowboys and men with their names engraved on the back, the standard jock being that when the cowboy pulled his head out of his butt he could look up and see who he was. The crowd seemed lively enough, but the young lawyer who'd led us to the courtroom whispered, "This is the most spirited bunch of same-bitchos in the world. They're bringing their football mothers, and those blue collar types are the worst." I look a wee.

For nearly thirty-five years I had fought my own battles as a trial lawyer. Now I'd been asked to observe the lawyering of

other men and to report, maybe to interpret, the sometimes curious workings of the law in a case of rape. I didn't know whether I could. To me a courtroom was a place to fight, not watch. I could feel the anxiety squaring us, as if my belly had its own memory of a disastrous prior case, of the fear that grips every trial lawyer when a damn believe his case is called.

The state's attorney, Roger Cowan, a tall drink of water in his late twenties wearing a western suit and cowboy boots, was pacing back and forth in front of the state's table waiting for the defendant and his lawyer to show. Cowan had already tried twenty-four jury cases, but even so, he'd been out of law school for less than three years. This case would be a big one, and it would be against his old boss, the man who had hired him as a deputy prosecutor at the first place—the former

state's attorney, Terry Prent.

Suddenly the room fell silent. Even Cowan ceased his pacing. Then bearded, mean-looking for once, obviously the accused, was stomping down one leg foot after another, following Prent, who led the way through the center aisle. Prent, a diminutive man of thirty-five, his round face sporting a slender black mustache, raised down-to-the ends, pulled out a chair for his client and then sat down, ignoring the man's snarls. He began to shuffle through papers as though he'd lost the key to his toolbox.

I thought of the probable strategies that the lawyers would use. Cowan, as as-



The illustrations on these pages, intended to create the atmosphere of the trial. Here, the defendant is being led by his attorney into the courtroom. Illustration by Mark G. Latham

conf-looking as a firm boy, would capitalize on his youth and on his apparent inexperience. He would attempt to look the jury with sympathy for himself and for the helpless woman he would try to turn the jury against the brutish defendant, making them feel, even hate the man. In that he had an advantage: if anyone looked the jurist, it was the accused, Dean Ramsey.

Prent, on the other hand, would attack the woman as hard as he could without turning the jury against him and his client. He would try to convert her from a belle-like, sympathetic victim to a despicable liar who'd outrageously smeared his client with

this vile charge. And, of course, he would play those technical points available to him in the hope of inspiring the judge in an error, in case an appeal became necessary.

Judge Terrance O'Brien, a large, bearded man in his early forties, entered the courtroom from a back door. He strode to the bench as though stamped, his robe flowing behind him like a black flag on Black Monday. In a voice as flat as stacked lumber he ordered the court to come to order, and other loud notes had declared themselves ready (which I doubted, since we sit never ready for such an ordeal). Roger Cowan stood up for the state to begin his case, the questioning process by which the at-

torneys select the twelve people who will sit on the jury.

The defendant turned slowly in his chair and stared accusingly at the young prosecutor standing there still as a statue, both hands in his pockets. Cowan searched for the words. The pool of prospective jurors waited patiently.

"Would any of you be embarrassed by the fact sexual terms was gotta use in this case?" he asked.

The jurors, who were probably already too embarrassed to answer in a public courtroom, remained silent.

"Do any of you know any vectors of sexual assault?"

A couple of jurors raised their hands, but the prosecutor seemed too tired to inquire into the circumstances. Then, almost as soon as he had begun, Cowan had concluded his questions.

Terry Prent for the defense, a veteran lawyer, stood up, wringing his hands and clucking his long fingers. He looked at the group of prospective jurors as if he were a small, smiling animal, a ferret perhaps.

"Mrs. Cowan," he said to one of them, "see you more comfortable with Mrs. or Ma? I would, I am more comfortable with Mrs." Prent smiled and nodded.

What would a modern woman think of such a question? Prent obviously wanted to have stomach as the jury who would be comfortable with Mrs. or Ma? I would, I am more comfortable with Mrs. Prent smiled and nodded.

What would a modern woman think of such a question? Prent obviously wanted to have stomach as the jury who would be comfortable with Mrs. or Ma? I would, I am more comfortable with Mrs. Prent smiled and nodded.



The sleepwalking on his way to the witness stand. Illustration by Angus Wilson-Kearney

I sensed, but the judge had taken the bench before he had said his share in the plea as a trial error, with lives of men on his shoulders. Compassion is the trait of pain. I knew he worked hard at being a good judge, and I thought he knew the simple truth—that to have power over the lives of other men is a dreadful duty.

The chief justice claims there's something wrong with the kind of lawyers we get ourselves—says they don't care anyone," he said with a distant look, and I said something about lawyers caring all right, but being afraid to show it, and how they hide behind their legal talk and that nobody communicates in the courtroom how he really feels, not even the judge, and therefore the jury never gets all the truth, because feelings are left out.

"Reason can lead you astray," the judge said, and I said yes, but first was the principal emotion at work in the courtroom and that if the jurors were afraid of Ramsey, which I thought they were, they'd likely correct him whether he was guilty or not.

"We always try to destroy what we're

They said the doctrine for the demonstration. Ramsey wearing and grabbing at his own, transformed the event into something obscene. Cowen was startled.



avoid it," I said. "But the alternate strategy of every lawyer is to let others his credibility with the jury—by being who he really is."

Then I realized I was lecturing a judge. A little while later Dean Ramsey caught me in the lobby at the Tower West. "What do you think?" he asked, his rusty face was tight with worry.

"Well, I don't know," I said, not wanting to say too much. "But must be a pretty scared man."

"I'm clearly perturbed. Wouldn't you be?"

"I wasn't sure how to respond."

"Goodness," he said, shaking his huge head, "I didn't do it. Just ask anybody. They'll tell you I did. But they've pointed to himself—always claims a gun at his back. If I'd wanted to cage him, I'd just put the gun to his head. But my lawyer won't let me bring that up." He seemed bewildered.

At precisely 8:00 the next morning Judge D. Bates said the bench. A detective testified that Elizabeth Ballard told him the defendant had ejaculated in her mouth, but

the witness admitted under cross-examination that he hadn't asked the woman to the hospital for a physical examination, as is required by law.

"Was she wearing a bra?" Prest asked, and when the detective said no, I watched the words of the older woman on the jury drop away.

Then, without any announcement at all, a smiling balded fat Elizabeth Ballard to the witness stand. It looked like a trifle leading a bride to the altar. She was a slender, strong-looking blonde who walked as if she were stuck tight at the joints. She wore a ruffled cotton dress and high black lace-up fashion boots that were scuffed at the heels.

"How did you see, Miss Ballard?" Cowen asked.

"Twenty-five," she said in a low voice.

"How long did you live in Kansas before moving here?"

She hesitated a long time at the simple question.

"About five years."

"Are you, you know, right now?"

The witness nodded you like a patient answer.

"No, I'd have been splattered on the ground or something. Then he said, 'All right. You've blown your chance. Either you take your clothes off,' and the truck was now, 'or you're gun to the country and you live sorry.' I cried and pleaded and begged him not to. He didn't have to take me home—I'd even work."

The witness seemed to have killed her own feelings. "I—I asked him why he was making me do this, and he just kept driving and I didn't know what else to do. So I called my sister-in-law and got a bundle of me and I pulled my pants down a little bit below my knees, and then I pulled them right back up, and he said, 'Oh, no. It isn't gonna be that way.' I was ashamed I even done what I did. He grabbed my sweater and put it over my head, and pulled off the sweater under a jacket."

"The he just soaked over and grabbed hold of me and started kissing me," she said. "I think he put his right arm around me and grabbed my breast with his left hand, and I was trying to pull him off, and when he seen I was struggling he used both hands."

"How did that feel?" Cowen asked, encouraging her to express herself, to come out of those empty-sounding places.

"I hurt. I just screamed, and he told me I was gonna do what he wanted me to do or he'd kill me. I didn't know what else to do, I just grabbed hold of him and I said, 'Just hold me. I got better.'"

Those dead words touched life in me. "I didn't have no other choice. I—I did what he told me."

Thus she tried to explain what had happened, speaking of these most private acts in a courtroom, with the jury and the spectators hungry for every word of her lived story in the place where it is permissible to hear being human beings tell of such things. She spoke in the same dead voice—as if his having forced her head down, or her having to perform whatever that strange thing would fulfill really meant. As she testified I saw the same on the jury glassed at her told truths, as if in sorrow and shame.

"When he said I was gonna swallow every bit of it, I didn't see it. He killed me. I got mad. I got up and I started grabbing him, as hard as I could. I pulled him out, and he did shake off my breasts and he said he would swallow 'em out. Then I kissed him. I think that's when he let go. Anyway, I got out the door. I didn't have no tap on. I didn't know what to do, and I just—I just ran, and I drove. I ran back down to the city, and I got my sweater and I put it on, and he said, 'Now get in and I'll give you a ride back to town.'"

"What did you do?"

"I gave up. Just threw up my hands, that was it. I—I got away, and then I ran back to my car. He said it was mine. I got it. I didn't know where I was. I didn't see no lights. He turned on the down light and

looked at himself in the mirror. He said, 'Oh, God. Look at me. My thumbs are jammed in my mouth.' Then he picked up the telephone in the pickup and he said he was calling the police department and letting a girl for selection' him."

"Did you ever see whether he dated the phone or not?"

"No, I was looking straight ahead. He said, 'Now you're gun to just.'"

Cowen handed the color photos of Ballard showed breasts to the jury and out back down.

The doctor watched a jury picked a photo. Then Prest stood up to cross-examine.

"He didn't alternate. If he let the witness off now, the jury might think he believed her. If he waited her, they might resent the usual and conclude he'd killed her. The cross-examination had to be pushed. Prest never hesitated. He leashed into a head-on attack.

"Isn't it true, Mrs. Ballard," he began, "that the fight was after Mr. Ramsey told you to get out of his pickup and you refused?"

"No," she said.

"And when Mr. Ramsey tried to force you out of his pickup you forced him, and when he attempted to push you out of the truck, that's when he grabbed your breasts?" Ballard denied that. She admitted she'd had three drinks in the limo, that she'd been sitting with attorneys, and that she had danced three times. Prest seemed to relish the slaughter, seemed to love slinking at the belly. Did she dance close? Did she get banged or snuggled? Did all the breasts on her breasts come from Ramsey? Did Prest say that could make a jury believe these clear words and because come from being bumped on the dance floor, and if Prest lost his credibility, he'd lose the case.

"You stand in the complaint that you walked to Ramsey's hotel room, but you didn't walk. You rode in his pickup, isn't that true?" Yes, Ballard said.

"You were under oath when you made the complaint?"

"Yes," she looked down. "I didn't mean to lie," she said. Then she testified it was Ramsey who asked the morning cop, not Prest, reminded her that Blue King had said she, Miss King, had.

Did you take one or two pills?

Ballard said she thought it was two, but Prest was believing it was one. Didn't she remember saying under oath that it was just one?

"I just said one or two?" she shouted, coming alive with sudden temper. But Prest could turn the witness on the witness.

"You didn't tell the detective you were smoking marijuana, did you?" She didn't. "Couldn't you have gotten out when he stopped to write the check?" But Ballard said that she wasn't frightened there. "When you in town he was just going to give you a thousand dollars."

"You're putting words in my mouth,"

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by Ron Hansen

It marks emotional not biological time. And when a childless man reaches his thirties, its ticking grows louder

The Male Clock

MY DAD WAS TWENTY IN 1929, WHEN THE DEPRESSION so cut his insurance that he left college in his sophomore year and went to Canada. "The only thing I know," Dad once told me, "was that I wanted to get a good job so I could get married and have a family."

Depression stories are pretty much alike, but the order of precedence of his wishes surprised me at the time. For my generation was not then putting marriage and family in so high a place. My generation of the postwar baby boom and the Sixties was not then spending happily of jobs and yards and sleeping; but of aspirations and concerns, of an academic discipline or profession, at least, a highly paid occupation—there still seems to be no parallel for our epidemic of leeching. The marketplace was for cattle and sheep, complex human beings were supposed to emulate their lives deeply, experiment for a couple of years, and sample the myriad of life's geography and complications until, in a shoving bout off the Georgia coast or on a research project in Nepal, you found out what you were meant to be. You avoided traps, you were wary of promises, you kept an eye peeled for the hidden implications.

Frank Hansen, at thirty, was making house payments, repairing bicycles in the garage, joining the Knights of Columbus, going fishing in Missouri for one week each July. His son, at thirty, owned no dinner plates, paid dues to no club, I shopped for my meals on the day I would eat them, and stayed at an address so impermanent I urged my friends to jot it down in pencil. I was strapped down and at cruising speed, always temporary. I kept my passport up-to-date, skipped the local news sections of newspapers, could not come up with the name of the guy in the apartment upstairs, but I was in hot pursuit of my career, my loans were paid off, my résumé was being improved, I could pick up and

Ron Hansen is the author of *The Assassination of Jesse James by the Coward Robert Ford*. His short story "True Democracy" appears in *The Kenyon Review*.



PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE KRAMER. STYLING: JESSICA DUNN. SET DESIGNER: JEFFREY H. BROWN

THE appeal of having children is the mix of predictability and surprises stability and peril; depletion, messiness, and the solving of problems central to others than oneself.

rooms in one day and it made me happy to know that. And I know now that a deep relationship with children [have been] impediments to me then, they would have slowed me up, split my attention, eased me in place as if I were Lancelot Gulliver shipwrecked on the island of Lilliput.

My dad and I were opposites in many ways, but my concept of adulthood was his, and that was simply a Great Plains version of good citizenship: you paid your bills on time, you kept your things in good repair, you respected the past and anticipated the future, you developed a love relationship that you hoped would be permanent, you produced and provided for children, and they became the part of your life you'd never give up, the most important thing you ever accomplished.

I am thirty-one years old as I write this, I'm college-educated, in the pink, pretty well established in my profession, probably economically upscale. And yet all that I've postponed, the sports I've missed, the girls I've allowed, all the possibilities I've rejected, have truly begun to pay me off in a way I could never have dreamed of. The disappointments and uncertainties awaiting a man who is possessed only by his work. As a male I'm without any biological urgency to have children, there's no talking clock, no sense of reproductive time, the quest for lost opportunity—none of severity go on to have children—and yet there is a psychological need that I couldn't pay attention to in my years of my career. And, that they I ought to be more than I am and that my work is not enough.

My grandparents have long since passed away, as have some uncles and aunts and cousins. My dad died two years ago, and within six months one of my teachers was killed in a motorcycle accident. I began then to get the feeling that a roof overhead was being pulled away like shingles at a time, and that an overarching generation was gradually being wiped away. If there were a ticking time bomb, it grew louder that year. I recognized an organic change in myself, of no longer being the young type on the make, but a maker and an organizer, a helper, provider, and protector who ought to be depended upon.

I can clearly see responsibility could in myself to make up with or settle or pass from hand to hand a few little say, but I know enough of old age now to anticipate the wish for a big one twenty years hence. I hope that need isn't imposed by someone as poking in the grandly masculine of being carried for when I am decrepit, as commonplace as the desire to be married

before, like a high school chemistry problem, after I've passed away, or even as policy as the wish to achieve a joint immortality by having my blue-eyed genes carried on like tardy and unexceptional baggage into the next century.

Having it all is more like it, it's that in-the-zone feeling of being momentarily a part of the human species and you've produced offspring, of not growing much beyond age twenty-one unless you begin to care greatly for me of my own, of having wished your responsibilities if you are potentially a good parent and yet pass up the chance, and of missing the opportunity of getting things right in your past by getting your boy or girl

streamer bound for Singapore. You're thought to have time to kill, you have nothing to lose, your ride goes as fast as you own. However, to me soccer players teach who think that whatever can be done ought to be done. And though Francis Bacon himself that "all rising to great place is by a winding stair," my own impression is that the great players are made after a fashion as if by those who pick them out early and merely step off the ladder up.

An old promise of horoscope and some comic strips was that of the put-upon husband and his wish to escape the prison of matrimony, but the young husbands I know look at marriage as a help and a discipline, and both, for them, are not constraints or heavy weights clinging to each remaining leg, but powerful motives for concentrating one's mind on the enterprise at hand—it can even be that their career aspirations are in a package with their hopes of being good providers.

In the past it was often a question of hours and energy and of providing for myself—for most of my twenties I was strapped, or learning the ropes, or working overtime. I was in graduate school in Iowa or I was on the road in Illinois or I was in California and not yet who I wanted to be. So I was "having" a woman, I was "going out with" and "kissing" with no intention of permanence or of making up a couple. I kept telling myself only a happened, then I could get serious, or I could think about marriage no more than you'd, or

I could begin to look at kids with less apprehension than I would a twenty-nine-year mortgage. Given closer examination, those "if only's" have heavier weight, for I recognize now that getting to a was not the issue, the compelling issue was who. Why limit my options, why pass up all these experiences? Why not be a sponge of complexity? Why rise of choice? I know you will miss instead of at all—your pleasure lower, why stay in one place when moving up was the goal, why go into a committed relationship instead of multiple, and deep affairs that I could escape from when they began to be less than happy?

The only response to all these whys is "children."

My sister Alice was once going out on a date with a man who she'd just met. She was in her thirties then, and she said that she was looking forward to the evening but that she hated the idea of having to go through all the land-line business. I tell you all about myself and you tell me all about this

AT Sixteen:

There was the girl I took to the sock hop, the first great love of my life, but the idea of marriage and children was like the old, familiar comic-strip premise of the much put-upon husband and his wish to escape the prison of home, wife, and family.

through those identically difficult stages.

I don't mean to imply that my great concerns were all a shew and a deception, but some skills that were partially acquired to escape some of particular importance to me. As a provider I am competent but certainly less than second rate, I only get by in my own foreign language. I don't play tennis anymore, and I've lost much of what I once knew about flying an airplane—I don't even remember why it once seemed so imperative for me to learn. I got a Colorado real estate license and never used it, I got certification as a scuba diver and no longer even own tanks, my stint in the Army wasn't a great place to start, and my trips to Europe and Mexico are only misadventures to me now. Yet all the time I was doing those things, part of my mind was telling me, if you had children you wouldn't be able to do this.

You tell a man who married young that you're single and he'll slip off into an illusion of a solid state of playmates, of jumping out of a helicopter to his powder in the Yukon, or of writing poetry on a tramp

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You get adept at this exchange by the time you reach your mid-thirties. You know how to be interesting, you know how to stay attentive, and you look for all the ways this particular woman is different from all the others you've seen, as well as the changes she does that remind you of the girl you took to the sock hop when you were sixteen. Yet, increasingly, I've had the sense of having, instead, of already being as concerned with people as a nineteenth-century novel. And this too, I can anticipate each step and incrementally recount my loss of hope, of having my hopes withered by the loss of parents, of having explained my philosophy of life so frequently I actually know if I accept these beliefs anymore, of having spats and misunderstandings and nights when all I have seen you personally consist in by her remembered for the first time. My thirtieth year is now closer to me than my first great love at fifteen, and I am still lonely.

I will do not open up. I will presume my lover knows my feelings without my speaking them, I will patch my socks on the floor, wear striped and decomposing smart shirts, and scatter my shoes around like insects.

And that may be a large part of the appeal of one's own family, the mix of productivity and surprise, stability and risk, of growing up as one's child grows old, of all that depletion and measure and working-out of problems at least contained to a person often then the rest of it all somehow adding up. The preoccupations of an adult's existence and a child's unprincipled dependency put one's own life in jeopardy and give a man a life theme, who is by now practiced and perhaps a little weary of his job, aspirations and cost.

Going over this ground with others, I often get the feeling that some people think of children as they would prisoners or soldiers or carpentry projects, new recruits in the workshop that put that saltbush on the lake. Conception and pregnancy get the emphasis, while the hardships of development get no more than an afterthought. I know women my age who've given a great deal of thought to the creation of human children, and one thing I've noticed is that they usually say, "I want to have a baby," whereas the men I know say, "I'd like to have a kid." Doctors are now saying biology may account for the variance, that a similar microchip is responsible for the parents' lack that some women get around prison and park benches, and that the presence of absence

of some kind of coding makes men more circumspect about adults but sloppy about pretty girls and less year-old boys and women they're in the park catching wild patches or coding a tattering hole along on his or her first ride.

There's madness in a woman's daydream of baby ones and kisses, and in a man's daydream of night checking the spelling in an essay, making up a bookish hoop, going to a porno racket, taking her and her college roommate out to a grand restaurant. Sex is up when the topic is children: every girl's Little Nell, every boy a Hacklesberry. Go window-shopping by E.A. O. Schwann in December and you'll see boys' current wear: sweatshirts into

each of office at thirty-three, ill, did Joseph P. Kennedy was still identified by reporters as the President's pop.

Overpopulation, pollution, and the predictions of nuclear war have been looked upon as possible reasons that the college-educated, upper middle class has postponed marriage and family, but in my experience very few people plot out their lives with great attention to demographics or politics or hardwired things to come. My own past experience is one of making wild calculations and concluding that there wasn't enough of a payoff to compensate for the risks and impossibilities and expense, and it's possible, too, that I was uncertain if I was up to the experience.

In child raising a job so harrowing that only the young or unimaginative would willingly take it on? Does one get, in a past generation would have it, too set in one's ways as the years go on to successfully marry and have a family? Does a man reach an age when his intellectivities and his responsibilities make the compromises that a family imposes too much to tolerate? Is there a psychological so-called social as of marriage? Does there come an age for a man when he's probably too stout or busy or high-strung or impatient, when he's too doing his changing to great losses by leaving them into the world?

My next-door neighbor is eighty-one and is going to be a great-grandfather soon. He waters the lawn at 9:00 in the morning, he walks downstairs one hand always touching the railing, he sweeps and gardens in a gray sweater and stays any partying who seems willing to talk. He appreciates his grandchildren, but from a distance, as one appreciates a teddy bear or a plumbline. He says, "Have kids when you're young enough to enjoy them," and I see why enjoy is his operative word. Age will tell, after all. Injuries, illnesses, and physical infirmities may not only make conception more problematic as a man grows old, but may also make it more difficult for him to keep up with the young or to work up much interest at their concerns.

Is it such an advantage then that males are without a biological clock if it means delaying one's thinking about the subject of raising children until the proper sexual holocaust? Are men holding themselves in ignorance they can begin coming to terms with these issues until late middle age? Does one really congratulate the purity of seventy whose young wife and boy are lost, or does one give him a closer look, calculating if it was all a big mistake, if he

At Twenty-six:

I was strapped, learning the ropes, working overtime. I was in graduate school or on the road. I told myself that if x happened, then I could see marriage as more than jail, view kids with less fear than a ninety-nine-year mortgage.

Disciples of Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

Mothers especially know otherwise. The preschool years only seem to be the most testing, the years when kids are the most obnoxious and perceptive as they demand, but specifically that couple of days with a six-year-old niece or nephew and you understand the temptation of letting your television do the babysitting, and look at yourself when you write fourteen—cranky, cynical, uncompassionate, selfish, paranoid, overreacted—and you'll begin to recognize how the custom of sending your boy or girl away to camp or prep school came to be established. Kids are not only a disruption and an unpleasantness, but they're a powerful kind of possession, deeply acquired and expensively large up.

A man I know had a photograph of his boy to which he'd affixed a price tag of \$180,000. The cost of twenty years' maintenance may have gone up since then. And John Updike has surely pointed out that parenthood is one occupation you can't outgrow, that when John F. Kennedy took the

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can possibly hang on much longer, or if the judge will pay much attention to this postscript to his life? How do you know if you're too old or overbearing, or if you're physically and psychologically right for the obligations of being a parent?

Common sense provides many answers, but it may be helpful here to be more prescriptive: you must be like him if you're going to have them. Although it's true that other people's children need to be more of a problem than your own, you ought to suspect your capacities for parenting if you're especially naïve, too sure, too happy, too glib, too easily amused, or too ready.

You ought to already think of children as human beings with rights and feelings and tastes like your own. You ought to

find yourself seeing it, then, in supermarkets, or introducing yourself to them in parties, or among in their company so you can get a shot at the Hot Wheels. You ought to be willing to give up some of your gastronomy, your rights and archeology, your doing out, your sleeping in, your most pernicious habits. You ought to be willing to carry out the messy chores, the diapering and burping, the incessant crying and mouth-wiping, all of those hygienic jobs you haven't thought about since you were four. You ought to be willing to give up the trip whenever you get a chance, to accept the misplaced looks and papers, to preserve your last appointment, skip parties, walk out of movies after twenty minutes, say no even when you wish you could say yes. You may speak of "having" a boy or a girl, but kids, of course, are not possessions; they're only in their parents' keeping. You ought not to consider your child's happiness as a confinement of your freedom—your cigarettes and puppets and conceits. You ought not to think of a child as the one you always wanted to be, but as the one you just never knew.

You probably knew all that. One of the nicer aspects of a man postponing having a child is that it is often easier to be a parent than a good parenthood is greater. He's given the subject more thought than the young—the when offspring go with marriage, put on assets and nets, go with wedding colors—and he may have forgone the job, because he wanted kids. He is probably more pessimistic and apologetic, and more acquainted with how many ways there are for things to go wrong. And yet he may be better equipped for parenting than his younger counterpart. His expectations will probably be lower, his ability to cope with pressures will probably be higher, and he will not be

so possessed by work and money and going places in his career. He will have already tasted a good many emotions, many things will have seemed to water altogether, and what once may have engendered competition will now inspire only the unspoken acceptance of the world as being quite a bit like that.

I know as a teacher that as I grow older and less like my students, my patience increases, I am more unimpressed by mistakes and inadequacies and more ready to praise any effort or accomplishment. I look at couples in their twenties and see little security, much less certainty, and if they are getting much pleasure from their children, it's often hard to tell, with all the hesi-

ties that would be snowed in, and sure lights and a radio would be left on all night. When told their anxiety led for one month was \$800, Ed looked at his three children and merely said, "I suppose so." Age is not very easily staggered.

In his poem "Departing Works to a Son," Robert Frost wrote, "Our love for you has given this house breath," and it is precisely that sense of enrichment and replenishment that couples have always sought in their offspring. Good parents often report a total absorption in their baby's life and a new serenity in their own. Some, because an unending place to be because a child is always happening there, and the couple often consider themselves to be more responsible, more disciplined, more ambitious, more involved in politics and the world's processes.

And yet you need not be a pessimist to wonder if those pretty experiences of others will prove to be true, or enough for yourself. You need only put your fingers curious to see pretty and suppose some, if repeated and coping does, and kids who get no more attention than most spend long ago.

High expectations can be crippling. I am in many ways a perfectionist, and the mean could probably be applied to practically every man or woman I know who's positioned having children. I don't want to be disappointed. I don't want to be stupid or inadequate, aloof or overbearing. I don't want to give up anything or accept ideas that I won't do so poorly. And so I know it, edging, comparing the water's depth, dipping a toe for the temperature, and procrastinating, postponing, forming opinions, being practical and generous, trying, while others very happily swim or paddle and, like to explain, otherwise, my ambivalence, my inability to say, yes, of course, to the trust of growing and having children after so many paragraphs that to any that I am overcome by the experience and pessimism and not the reason? And how to explain the appeal of having children without using these words: pessimism, performance, risk, along with another one, hope?

You best the word hope applied so personally to children that you can forget that it isn't the children who are hopeful but those who long their child being born. My children, in your thirties and forties probably doesn't so much represent optimism or trust as a bigger future, but a willingness to persevere in spite of whatever time may bring. And yet there is hope in it, or a leaving that hope, and it is in which the big questions seem to be without the right answers, children may be only hope. □

AT Thirty-six:

I'm a perfectionist. I don't want to be disappointed, don't want to be shipshod, aloof or overbearing. I don't want to give up anything or accept jobs I will do poorly. I hesitate, overruled by the risk and appeal of marrying and having kids.

pleased novels and petty threats, the high incidence of divorce.

My brother Bob and I are twins, the youngest in a family of five children. My father was thirty-eight when Bob and I were born, my mother nearly thirty-six, and that seemed the age that parents ought to be when I was growing up. My dad was my buddy—we didn't play catch or go skating together, our conversations in fact, but there was a performance and dependability to our relationship that I experienced as if I knew exactly what was expected of me. Dad was always predictable, usually available, never capricious or preoccupied, willing to get up at 4:00 a.m. to help Bob and me with our paper routes. And my brother-in-law was thirty-eight when he married. Bill was no longer down to get someone because he'd already got there, and he'd given thought to what was important to him and could accept any criticism that others perceived he was missing. His downpours would be broken, a car would need parking, the high school gymnas-

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The Long and Short of Tom Conti

THE DAY I got to Venice, where Tom Conti was shooting a film called *Miracles*, it was pouring rain, sheets of it. The kind you get only in the tropics, pos-

sibly in revenge for all that intensity of sunlight. The sea was tempestuous, storms clouds crisscrossed—exactly the weather the script called for. But because the weather was so bad, the crew was unwilling or unable to work. The next day was incredibly sunny; all kinds of sophisticated and temperamental gadgets had to be rigged up to reproduce the weather God had given the producers free the day before. Buckets of water were hoisted on high and damped over Conti's head, then a stylist rained it to raise up the star's hair "realistically." It must, under such circumstances, be difficult for an actor not to suspect that he is a silly job for a grown-up to have. How can he take such goings-on—such carefully fluffed headings of reality—seriously? On the other hand, how can an actor of Conti's stature and intelligence not take himself seriously?

For a long time now Tom Conti has had every reason to know that he's superb. On the grounds that he met the requirements of international "stardom," *Actors' Equity*

revised its rule about British actors and allowed him to star in Broadway's *Whose Life Is It Anyway?* He paraded the ruling by winning a Tony Award for his riveting performance. And he did it liberally without lifting a finger: he played a man immobilized in a hospital bed, paralyzed from the neck down, he played a man looking after his own death with more energy and fierce intelligence than most of his contemporaries for the demands of such jobs. Then Conti went on to even greater acclaim for his performance in Proteus Raphael's *The Glorious Ones* (arguably the best series the BBC has brought out), in which he further demonstrated his versatility by playing a shy, intense, sexy outsider (a Jew) among Cambridge Ivy-league elites and posers. His beautifully modulated performance revealed the pain behind the cynicism—it was an unexpectedly astringent performance. It was followed by an Academy Award nomination for his leading role in *Andrei Rublev*.

And here he is, drenched, a hair stylist

betting all over him in pursuit of a hectic vendicade. "Silly, isn't it?" Conti says. "You ought to go home, really. . . . Here, have a seat. . . . You must have better things to do than watch me. . . . It's a job." Then he gives it his consummate all. And when the funny business is over, he sheds his role—straight out of it. He begins to discuss the relative merits of several American writers and—*it's* his business on the set—the correct pronunciation of the word *justice*, on which the group is a bit at sea.

He is a star who seems determined not to behave that way. Nevertheless, he is a star—and this has not escaped his notice.

"WILL YOU DO SOMETHING FOR MY enormous pleasure?" I ask Tom Conti.
"Oh! What?" he says, drawing back. I have the distinct feeling that this is the moment he has—consciously or unconsciously—been dreading during the four days we have been happily bawling over cigars and cigarettes and brandy, telling raucous stories and painful stories, slandering our scholars for the betterment of what Conti considers to be a wretched but still redeemable world.

BARBARA GRIZZUTI HARRISON is the author of *On Contes*, a collection of essays. Her next is set back to it: *Foreign Bodies*, which was published in Doubleday in June of last year.



PHOTOGRAPH BY TOMAS TRAMER

After critical acclaim for his roles in *Miracles*, *Andrei Rublev*, *The Glorious Ones*, and Broadway's *Whose Life Is It Anyway?*, Tom Conti is settling down to the business of taking himself seriously. But not too seriously. "One has to know the difference," he says, "between a performance and a life."

BY BARBARA GRIZZUTI HARRISON

WASHINGTON BRIEFING



Press Corps Shall We Dance?

Green-hopping may be all the rage, but when the hopping is between government and journalism, the steps can look pretty flat-footed. Witness the legendary *New York Times* State Department shuffle of Leslie Gelb and Richard Hurt. It began almost a decade ago when Gelb, after directing work on the Pentagon Papers and leaving government service to eventually become the *Times*'s national security correspondent, was convinced by Secretary of State Cyrus Vance to return to government as director of the Bureau of Politico-Military Affairs. His place at the *Times* was taken by strategic-area specialist Richard Hurt. When Jimmy Carter lost to Ronald Reagan in 1980, Gelb returned to the *Times* but his replacement at State? Richard Hurt.



LESLIE GELB

The Gelb-to-Hurt-to-Gelb shuffle has long frustrated *Times* watchers. Now the dance goes on. The latest trouble began in the fall, when the Kennedy School of Government at Harvard released a study revealing that while at the State Department, Gelb had helped set up a covert (and ultimately unsuccessful) CIA program aimed at overthrowing the Taliban in place to wrap approvingly about the northern border.

The Harvard study was sent to a number of major correspondents around the country that were mentioned in it, including the *Times*'s Leslie Gelb. Gelb read it and threw it in the trash. Across town, though, at *The Washington Post*, correspondent Walter Pincus found the study less exonerating and eventually ran it, citing Gelb's role. Angry editors at the *Times*, inflamed at being accused by the *Post* and embarrassed that one of their own had been implicated, assigned *Times* reporter Philip Taylor to the story. The paper that appeared two days later stated that the study identified Gelb as "leading advocate" of the covert program.

Bill Kovach, the *Times*'s Washington bureau chief, came a-plus-eek and a downside to being former government officials: "With someone who's been on the inside, you get an understanding of how and why the system works the way it does. Look to one of the best press people we have, he doesn't just know the details, he knows how the decisions get made. But outside the paper—especially among journalists—he's suspect. A lot of people don't think that a former government official can ever make the transition to journalism. But I'd say the benefits outweigh the limitations."

Sell, the subject from this latest episode has upped Gelb's career: When John W. Finney steps down next year as news

editor of the Washington bureau he will be replaced by correspondent Howell Hanes—Gelb was out of the running.

Meanwhile, the State Department's got a new newsman-in-residence: Bernard Kello. Bernard is Marv's brother. For twenty-two years they traveled as a team—first to CBS, then to NBC—and they collaborated on two books. Bernard has always been the more flamboyant of the pair, with a penchant for being not the least, but always the most persistent questioner.

Unfortunately, however, Marv's had a definite tendency to eclipse his brother's star. The story goes that when the brothers were working at CBS, Kello asked the newsmen and said, "This is Marv's mother. Is Marv there?" Often when a foreign story came out of State or the White House, NBC opted for the more intelligent Marv. He was sometimes called the "chief diplomatic correspondent" to his brother's beat.

The final installment of Bernard's place in the network lineup came in October, when he was managed to cover culture and arts for NBC, the career equivalent of being named photo editor at *The Wall Street Journal*. That Bernard had a reported 50-percent cut in salary at State means likely the result of career confusion that he chose to do public service. —Margaret Carver

The Circuit Kay Graham's New Neighbors



FROM LEFT: RICHARD WAGNER, ANTHONY D. LEVITT IS THAT IT'S POWER, NOT MONEY, THAT GUARANTEES THE PULVER GROUP ENTERPRISES BANK FAMILY TO PROVE THAT WHILE BARRY LEVITT IS UNUSUAL IN HIS FORMER FOLLOWING THE LATTER

THE PULVER FORT WASHINGTON BANKER, ALLIGANOUS BANKER, FORT WASHINGTON, LUMBER, ALL PROPERTY IN TOWN, COUNCIL, AND TO KIDNAP ANTHONY D. LEVITT. THIS \$3-MILLION FUND-A-TENNA, SOME THE STREET FROM KAY GRAHAM

Counsel School for Scandal

Last year was the best in ages for important private briefs most, the political scandal. There was Ed Meese's lively public service, Charles D. Wolf's tough conservatism, Henry Deton's construction campaign, Gaudin's Parnassus no returns, Idaho congressman George Henson's false disclosure reports, and Oregon senator Mark Hatfield's gifts from Garcia. And yet there was one aspect that we never heard about, Howard Metzenbaum's briefs. Metzenbaum, the leading critic of Meese and Wolf's watchdog of ethical and unethical behavior in government, took a quarter-million-dollar bribe's fee for making two phone calls for a constituent, Cleveland lawyer Jeffrey Friedman, who wanted to buy the Hay Adams Hotel in Washington. That Friedman also happens to be a heavy contributor to Metzenbaum's campaign might have been a conflict of interest, but the story was still pretty invisible in the national media—one report in *The Wall Street Journal*, no mention on an evening news show or in any other paper until after Metzenbaum returned the money.

Metzenbaum was fortunate enough to have unwittingly followed the rules for those rare occasions when politicians need to keep their names out of the press. For other political officials who may soon be caught in similar predicaments, here's a short course to rip and save.

1. **Break the story in a local paper, preferably one in Ohio.** News, Washington reporters say, travels from east to west. Reporters didn't write about the bribe's fee because they didn't know about it—practically no one in Washington reads the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, where it was reported first.

2. **Keep your audience small.** Journalists would much rather come up with a leak "second-day" angle than to report a single incident and admit they got scooped. Metzenbaum outlanded the press—beyond the *Plain Dealer*, there was no busy newsday to be had.

3. **Keep it personal.** Metzenbaum may have committed an act of greed, but that's not what the law reporters are actually worried about: that, don't admit that the Mayor's business.

4. **Timing is everything.** Your scandal is best when it's out on a campaign season. Metzenbaum doesn't have to run again until 1994. Politicians who need to raise up should do it the same day the bottom is expected of the stock market—events of war and peace show up in cover you best. The reason in the paper for the story. The best best strategy is to call a press conference too late to make the *Stinky* papers and evening news. As good media manipulation lesson, Nixon might not have made his Sunday 1954 Saturday Night News had happened on Thursday.

—Tina Rosenberg



HOWARD METZENBAUM

Present and Accounted For Passing the Buck

Speaking of scandals, remember DeLoach's? One of his key figures was Stefan Halper, who passed on the famous Carter "briefing papers" to his superiors when he worked for the 1980 Reagan Bush team. Those days Halper can be found at the Palmer National Bank on prestigious K Street.

Since he opened its doors in 1983, it has become the quarters of Republican enterprises, with a particular fondness for groups like the National Conservative Political Action Committee and making deals with small companies. Last year when a Latin American nation needed funds for a contract with a U.S. communications firm, it was to Palmer that it turned. At the White House and others' request, Halper has also been talking Caribbean and Central American leaders on how to maintain good relationships with American business. Palmer has generally refused to accept a close tie to the region. Meanwhile, Halper encourages a personal banking service for clients with no degree interest, and allows his clients to call him at home, where he passes it. —advice—Michael O'Leary

On the Hill Speaker Talk



THE LAME DUCK HOUSE SPEAKER TIP O'NEILL



THE DARKER CHALLENGER RICHARD GEPHARDT



THE DARK APPEAL DAN ROSTENKOWSKI

Positioning rumors that Tip O'Neill might step down prematurely as Speaker of the House have long since subsided, but rumors are already in place when he will replace him when he takes office in 1995. Hips on the list of candidates is Richard Gephardt (D, Missouri), chairman of the House Democratic Caucus since the beginning of this Congress. Gephardt is regarded as one of the House's most adept constitutionalists; he is also known for his role in intermediary between the leadership and the new breed of House Democrats we've heard so much about recently. Other challengers often mentioned include Dan Rostenkowski, the new majority whip, and Tony Coelho, the chairman of the House Democratic Campaign Committee.

Watch this, folks. All of these men are highly capable, relatively young, and equally ambitious young technocrats. But the press has a tendency to forget the discrepancy between how a candidate appears on the home page of *The Washington Post* and how many votes he actually has in his pocket. It would be foolhardy for any of these young members to challenge the seated House leadership, however. They know that a less well-known name before the leadership might mean considerably less influence within their committees.

Which leaves Majority Leader Jim Wright, who has been the best opponent for years. The press loves a good fight, but it's not going to get it. As things stand now, there are only three scenarios in which Wright's successor would be in jeopardy: a major scandal, a significant loss of seats in '96, or an overwhelming gain (on the range of 100) for representatives not beholden to Wright. Unlikely. As one longtime House staffer puts it: "The way things look now, it would take some kind of catastrophe for Jim Wright not to get it."

—Theresa Alexander



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NESCAFÉ®

by William E. Geist

Cubs Fever!

It's terminal

My beloved grandfather told me in 1965 that while the Chicago Cubs had not won a pennant in ten years, I should stick with them. "The Cubs," he proclaimed, "will soon be back on top." He was lucky: he died that year. Some twenty-one seasons later, while shaving, I recalled these words of my grandfather and—perhaps because I finally felt old enough—responded: "My son."

This was to have been a historic evening, a night to rejoice, celebrate, to throw off the mantle of frustration, to baffle the neighbors by polishing in quiet, suburban Maryland, to drink, to shout, and persistence to get sick in the streets.

This was to be the night the Cubs clinched the National League pennant for the first time since 1905, when it seemed most other major leagues were all fighting World War II. This may explain why Cubs fans tend to regard the prospect of World War II with a certain ambivalence.

Several dozen ballfield fans, carrying bottles of champagne and decorated in full Cubs regalia, crisscrossed into the Kenilworth, Maryland, home of Bruce Ladd, lobbyist for a Chicago firm and Cubs fan extraordinaire. He has lived eight hundred miles from Chicago for twenty years by force of circumstance, but he manages to keep the faith, making regular pilgrimages to Wrigley Field, home of the Cubs.

"BEING A CHICAGO CUBS FAN IS LIKE BEING IN LIMBO, WITH PARADISE ALWAYS A DAY AWAY."



—BRENTAN GUNDEL

He has named his son to be a Cubs fan. It seems ironic. Fifteen-year-old Bruce Ladd III sat in the stands in a Cubs shirt and cap, just a short drive from the Baltimore Orioles, consecutive winners and the logical local team for the boy to follow. "I have Cubs stickers on my locker at school," said the boy. "The other kids think I'm weird."

Fans at the party talked excitedly of their plans to attend the World Series that would be played the next weekend in Chicago, once the Cubs polished off the San Diego Padres in the playoffs. For a Cubs fan, a World Series can be a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. There had been a sense of urgency just to see the Cubs winning during the regular season. Randy Levine said that he and his bride drove, on their honeymoon, business hours straight through from Washington to Chicago for strapping-rookie-only tickets. "My wife wanted to go to Paris and London," he said, "but I told her that Paris and London would always be there."

Steve Garvey doubled as the third string as the Padres took a 2-0 lead. The happy revellers in the Ladd home stopped talking. They moved to the edges of their chairs, pulled their Cubs caps down, and began snatching at eardrums. No National League.
WILLIAM E. GEIST is a columnist for The New York Times.

team had ever won the first two prize-off games, as the Cubs had, and then gone on to lose the five-game series. Yet there was a team of dealers.

Earl Verbin, a former Cubs outfielder from the 1960s, who set a record by hitting just one home run in his 2,311 at-bats, posed down upon the last of Ladd's living room from an enlarged photograph over the mantle, a ghost of seasons past. This was a gathering of the Earl Verbin Memorial Society, a group of Cubs fans mostly from the Washington, D.C., area that includes the likes of columnist George Will and David Bender, U.S. Supreme Court justice Blackmun and Stevens, at least a dozen U.S. senators and congressmen, and—right there on the society roster—number 144, "Ronald Reagan, President of the United States, The White House, Washington, D.C. 20503." Reagan is a member because he broadcasted Cubs games on WGB radio in Des Moines, re-creating the play-by-play from win-lose reports as if he were at the games. Sometimes the wires stopped and Reagan had no information, but he went right on with the lively broadcast as if he knew what he was talking about.

The Society holds a biannual meeting and between such humans as the fiery Earl Ladd—who, himself, is twice of the complicit former Cubs catcher, and the Brookline, Mass. Judge Award, came commemorating a typical Cubs' trade of yesterday that sent a young talent all-star to another team in exchange for a piece in the desk of his catcher.

Here photos drifted up from the back row, where Ladd keeps the Society's archives, including such things as tickets to the 1909 Cubs play-off series, which failed to materialize when the Cubs failed a reg- ular-season finish, and copies of the record "A Dying Cub Fan's Last Request," by Steve Goodman, the folk singer and Verbin So- ciety member, who had died at thirty-six, just days before the Cubs clinched their 1984 division title.

The Cubs were about 3-2 in the fourth inning and the capacity crowd in Ladd's house erupted like the bleacher section at Wrigley Field. There was even cheering from the barbershop, TV room and patio, seated in every room in the Ladd home because the fans wanted to savor every moment of the historic game and because this was a beer party.

Rabid followers of your Chairman Mitt Michael Jackson, come and go, but Cubs fans remain devotedly loyal, year after losing year, as the Cubs defy—and, indeed, have begun to overcome—all odds of mathematical probability.

How? "It makes all kinds of sense," said Alvin Winterfeldt, a corporate manager and Cubs fan at the party, "for someone

who has spent his entire life following a team who was related to a crowd to be a Chicago Cubs fan. The theology of all this is the nobility of suffering."

Cubs players who've been injured from other cities moved at the local airport, which sent them even in 1983, when the Cubs finished fifth in their division. "In Los Angeles," third-baseman Steve Gray has said, "they expect you to win. In Chicago, they hope." The Chicago crowd can't wait to see the very opposite of New York's, where people who seem to have everything are always screaming themselves out of happiness by yelling "no!"

"Losing is not so bad," Ladd contended, "when you're accustomed to nothing else. It's the ups and downs in life that are bad." Fans say that following the Cubs has taught them a philosophy of life: that we fail more often than we succeed, and still "tomorrow comes," as Jim Langford put it.

In Chicago it can seem as though it isn't whether you win or lose, but how you play the game. It is the appreciation of the game of baseball itself that is important, and of some days, after long Chicago winters, out on the old ball park "Cubs fans," said Bill Hickman, "are more interested in the game than in getting up and down yelling 'We're Number One!' People who do that aren't real baseball fans." Last week, the Chicago White Sox lost again in a World Series in 1918 and their previous appearance was in 1916. Chicago has not won a major sports title of any kind since 1933. After the Cubs and the Bears football team both came somewhat close during their last seasons, Mayor William Dale went ahead and pronounced Chicago "a city of champions."

"The Chicago Cubs, like life itself, are a losing cause," Mike Royko, columnist and number four vote on the Verbin Society roster, told me. "That's why we have cemeteries. And Wrigley Field."

It is a common misperception, however, that Cubs fans somehow actually re- joice losing, that being a Cubs fan is some sort of self-deprecating clue. "Suffer- ing itself" one Chicagoan commented rhetorically. Some fans compare watching the Cubs to classic tragedy. "We laugh," and one, "but it hurts." Many say they would be perfectly happy to become really al- most normal, like the fan who lives on Notre Dame football field, swinging into him in other cities with their Cubs pictures on bagging too loudly, and stopping drinks on other people's shoes.

Whether the fans could really do that after all these years—the Cubs were world champions in 1907, when Grover Cleveland handled them to victory—was another matter.

There were enough adjustment problems just to doing a line winning last season. "We became morose," said one fan, "singing about getting tickets and about winning the important games. I'd never

been to an important game."

Old-fashioned home developed, "I couldn't help it," said one Wrigley Field veteran at the party. "I'd see these jobs come-ladies jumping up and down, waving their pennants, and I'd think that I had suffered forty years for this, and that they didn't deserve it. They were probably hating the White Sox when they were winning last year."

"Long suffering fans" at home across the

**"THE CHICAGO CUBS,
LIKE LOVE ITSELF, ARE
A LOSING CAUSE.
THAT'S WHY WE HAVE
CEMETERIES,
AND WRIGLEY FIELD."**



—MIKE ROYKO

street from the ball park were interviewed so frequently that they complained it was cutting into their drinking time. Some soft- liness were interviewed so often that they took to saying "cut" to TV crews. One group of fans that watch the games from the rooftops of buildings across the street refused to grant any more interviews, claiming that their comments had been "misrepresented in the press." Two residents of a building across the street from the ball park, who had always watched games from the roof and their landlord when he tried to rent their space out as a sort of corporate box.

And there was an adjustment to seeing all those on-Italian the Cubs were chased running around out there in the field in Cubs uniforms like no many mar- ceteries lived to see a pennant, but that's the way it's done these days. The new owner of the team, the Tribune Company, has more than doubled the team's payroll, which under the rapidly growing of the Wrigley family was running at about



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HONDA

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A woman with dark, curly hair is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a red t-shirt under a light blue cardigan and a floral skirt. She is holding a black corded telephone receiver to her ear with her right hand and a black laptop with her left hand. The background is a blurred city street with buildings and a yellow car.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY G. CARRARA

IN THE BAG

That's Italian

BY VINCENT BOUCHER *Distinctive accessories—the finer points of a gentleman's wardrobe—are never neglected by Italy's talented designers.*



ART CLASS

Prada updates the traditional sportswear bag with this bright-red nylon backpack for the urban hiker. The companion black nylon utility bag holds two shoe brushes. BACKPACK WITH CONVENIENT ZIPPER POCKET AND BLACK UTILITY BAG: ABOUT \$100. PRADA, 270 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK; ULTIMA, CHICAGO; BRUNELLO, LOS ANGELES

Gianni Versace's oversize paisley/snake-print cotton shirt has short sleeves and a large chest pocket that discreetly holds the shirt's silk nap-crease necktie. PURE COTTON SHIRT (ABOUT \$400) AND SILK STUFFED NECKTIE (ABOUT \$40) BY GIANNI VERSACE, 270 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK; AND BREVETTI FILLES, CHICAGO; NEW YORK



SHORT REPORT

The Italian eye for detail, craftsmanship, and eagerness to experiment put these finishing touches in a special category.



GARDEN PARTY

Giuseppe Pire's impressive elegance is grounded in pure masculine comfort. A pair of deluxe silk cotton boxer shorts are accented with watercolor plaiding. BOXER SHORTS: BOY BY CAMBRIDGE PEARL; AT BERSCOMP. GUERMAN NEW YORK CAMBRIDGE PEARL; BOUTIQUE IT FLORE. STYLIST: BETTELY WELLS. HAIR: DANFORD. SHIRT: PIERRE.

The era of Gerd Bortin lives on in these colorful wallpaper-print chinos above, with white leather tops and yellow shoes, that create an easy summer sophistication. LACE-UP: LATERAL BRICKS BY LOTION LANTAN; SHIRT: BIRD BY BIELLO; AT CORTEVALE. NEW YORK: BOOTS, SHIRT: PIERRE. CO. ROSEBELL. PIERRE, CHURCH: NERON. SHOES: DALLAS.

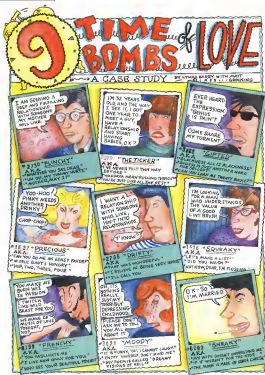


Ultimately, these pieces are more than just functional; they offer a means for true individuality in style that's uniquely Italian.

George Armani's trademark of elegant refinement takes a spry step this season with his experimental abstract prints emblazoned on superb silk wide-with neckties.

Vibrant color and intricate patterns have earned Mission a reputation for peerless knitsweats. This season their women wet surfaces in the form of lively plaided socks.

DRINKS: COMPUTER-GIRL-INSPIRED LOTION BLIND SODAS (200 BOTTLES) AT THE MESSINA BOUTIQUE, NEW YORK; SEXY MIX-MABLES (DALLAS) AND RUGGION ROSE'S (SAN FRANCISCO)



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A man and a woman are walking along a paved path in a lush, tropical garden. The man is wearing a white short-sleeved shirt and shorts, and the woman is wearing a white sleeveless top and shorts. They are both smiling and looking at each other. The garden is filled with various colorful flowers, including pink, yellow, and white blooms. In the background, there is a large, ornate building with a red roof and white columns, and a large, classical-style column stands prominently on the right side of the path.

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See/Reader Service Card after page 58 of The Traveler's Toolkit	

Stalking Alaska

by Michael Kinsley

From the treacherous climb at his four-star hotel to the wild game of Anchorage's top yuppie bar, our fearless indoorsman heads northward in search of the ten-dollar cheeseburger

THE BEAR LOOKED at me and I looked at the bear. He was about twenty feet away. According to an article in that very morning's *Anchorage Daily News* entitled "What You Should Know When Dealing with Bears" (not the sort of reliable information you find in my hometown paper, *The Washington Post*), "Whispered: you do, do not imitate bear sounds or positions, even if they sound funny to you." This is bad advice to follow. The sounds and positions are very trapping. But this bear didn't even wait to see my performance before wandering away bored.

One thing everyone wants to bring back from Alaska is a bear story. I got mine at the Alaska Zoo. The zoo was founded in 1980 when a local gracer won the first prize of \$25,000 as a baby elephant in a sales contest, generously chose the elephant, then didn't know what to do with it. A typical Alaska anecdote. I'll take my bear to the zoo any day. Good bears make good neighbors.

You don't go to Alaska for the opera, as one Alaskan told me before I arrived. You go for the outdoors. Alaska has more of it than anywhere else in the country, and some of the best. The good news for some of us is that there's also a decent supply of indoors, and some great outdoors snuggles right up against it. In the Lower Forty-eight for "outside," as Alaskans refer to the rest of the country, you'd have to fly to Denver, drive several hours, and take for days to experience the kinds of natural settings that are an hour by car from the Sheverson Anchorage.

In fact, you can get up at the morning, lounge over coffee, drive twenty or two fifty-five minutes, take a trail about an hour, and

beautiful, silent and lonely, as anyone reasonable should require, admire some spectacular vistas, get lost in a snow patch, become convinced you're going to die alone on the top of a deserted mountain, find the trail again, feel like a fool, return to your car, drive back, and be showered and changed in time for a bunch of heated welcome (\$14.95) at Simon & Seafort's Soloson & Grill, Anchorage's leading yuppie bar.

Alaskans may find the idea insulting, but the forty-ninth state is really the perfect place for people (like me) who like their nature in controlled doses. People, for example, who enjoy taking for the exercise and the scenery but lack the true backpacker's taste for gratuitous discomfort and danger (and risk, sleeping on rocky benches, antineutrons, and so on). People who relish their own company even less than usual after a day without a shower. Or, the larger challenges and ruses-



A handsome crowd like Simon & Seafort's Soloson & Grill, where Anchorage's young and successful come to their old and rich meals in the not-so-modest comfort of the great indoors. The locked nature is safe in itself, and don't worry about rock-throwing kids: small words in Alaska just mean to the Lower Forty-eight. Take home the danger by don't leave home without it.

ies are available in profusion. But they're not necessary.

The year 1984 was the twenty-fifth anniversary of Alaska's statehood, and by now it is recognizably part of America. The enormous oil revenues from Prudhoe Bay have brought prosperity and top-line capitalism, but another major development has been even more important in binding the state to the rest of the country: the satellite dish. In a tiny town miles from the



dining room. If you don't have several days for the standard cruise up the coast from Seattle, this is a terrific day-trip.

Winter, population several hundred, is another dreamy town in a spectacular fjord setting. The skyline consists of two medieval gray buildings built by the government during World War II used not for their main reason there. No, made there last of Winter, and the surrounding mountains made from TV or radio until recently. Half of the main store in town is taken up by a vintage record library, another ancient technology being used for places like this. What makes Winter really a winter town is that it's only fifty miles east of Seattle, and the surrounding mountains made from TV or radio until recently. Half of the main store in town is taken up by a vintage record library, another ancient technology being used for places like this. What makes Winter really a winter town is that it's only fifty miles east of Seattle, and the surrounding mountains made from TV or radio until recently. Half of the main store in town is taken up by a vintage record library, another ancient technology being used for places like this.

Now, now? We imagine something but? What about Mount McKinley? Measured from the base (as opposed to from sea level), it's the tallest peak in the world. Besides, it's not a wilderness, it's a national attraction because it's critically hard to see. The standard explanation is that, because it's so large, it "loses its own weather." I have to like what this means, but the basic point is that it's always surrounded by clouds. As I've said, one of the best and most scenic views is from Anchorage at sunset, when the mountain is clearly visible in silhouette 140 miles away. But most visitors understandably prefer to get a closer look.

The most common method is to visit Denali National Park and Preserve. Older terminology: Denali is the Indian name for the mountain. McKinley is the white man's

name. Alaska told me she once visited the park determined to stay until she saw the mountain, and camped out for two weeks before giving up without success.

I decided to be clever and choose a less time-consuming, though more expensive, approach. There was to drive to Talkeetna, only a couple hours north of Anchorage, and charter a small plane to bring me closer to the mountain from the south. Talkeetna itself is worth the drive. It is the home of four competing flying services and the departure point for Mount McKinley climbing expeditions. During the season, Talkeetna boasts a phenomena and only slightly self-conscious atmosphere of dancing fly-boys and dead-may-car racers.

The best-known story in town is the Tallie Road House, across the street from the Harbort, serving mostly family-style around a table at set hours. In their books, both McPherson and McGinnis describe the legendary adventures of the old guide who used to run the place. It has been taken over by a younger couple, less colorful but fresher. Like all of Talkeetna, the Road House succeeds in being jaded despite trying a bit too hard.

All four flying services will take you into the mountains. One is owned by Lowell Thomas Jr., son of the world traveler and former presidential governor. (He was dropped from the ticket after making a bizarre remark regarding concern about misrepresentation.) For no particular reason, I chose K2 Aviation, owned by Joe Duval. It's a gold-plated tour costs \$550 for up to three people in a four-seater plane and takes a little more than two hours. It includes a purposely terrifying flight through and around some mountain peaks, a practiced and witty display of songbirds by the pilot, and a landing on a glacier. Seeing perfectly, Jim offered me two glasses for the same price. The glacier hangars are only available April through July 15,

which is climbing season. Cheaper excursions, as low as \$150, are also available. A glacier in the contrast is not a large chunk of ice but a huge hole or amphitheater of snow high up in a mountain range. The plane lands in large sites that crisscross into a maze below the wheels. K2 Aviation Glacier is the staging area for six of the seven glaciers north of Anchorage, and a beautiful view of the glacier is a sea of white, populated by groups preparing to start their climb, others just back down and waiting for their plane back to Talkeetna, and a handful of hikers—a sort of fly-by—on a young Australian who is clipped. The plane is a combination of a car and a boat. I hear a lot of hikers be brought down from fourteen thousand feet yesterday with an attack of pulmonary edema," said even to the Australian. A few seconds later, a young man reading a book looked up nervously and said, "Yeah, that's me, man." Having spent years denouncing of his climb, all he had to look forward to was a couple of weeks in Talkeetna, waiting for the rest of his team to return in triumph.

On Ruth Glacier, a young man and woman were criss-crossing sking in bathing suits. With the sun reflected off the snow, it was about 70 degrees at least. The atmosphere on Ruth is more festive than on the K2 Aviation Glacier. People go up there just to ski around in the wet wilderness. There's even a cabin with a wood stove, owned by the widow of the legendary Talkeetna pilot Don Sheldon and available for rent.

On the way back to Talkeetna, we spotted a variety of wild game, including several moose. The whole excursion was so exciting that I forgot to ask the pilot what about Mount McKinley? Two hundred fifty-five dollars, after all. "Sorry," he said with a laconic smile perfected by years of practice. "Clouded in."



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★ We've got big plans for you in Texas. So this vacation, plan big. Plan Texas. Just tip the cap and we'll show you just how big a Texas vacation can be.



Practicalities

How to Get There: By Air: There are regular flights to Anchorage from major gateway cities in the Lower Forty-eight on a number of airlines, but most are not direct. Delta, Northwest, and Delta Air Lines are the main carriers serving this route. Airline schedules and rates are always changing, so check with your travel agent. By Road: The Alaska Highway is a 4,400-mile road that's been around something of a legend, is best again your travel. There are a number of ways to enter the state from the continental U.S.—one as a foreigner in either Washington, Los Angeles, or Mexico. American citizens require no passport in the Canadian border, though bringing along some insurance identification is advised.

Accommodation: For the two towns among us, employment provides interest during the summer months.

By Air: The Alaska Highway Express runs a ferry system from Seattle to Alaska, one ferry leaves Anchorage for the Seattle Ferry, which is made up of thousands of islands and many mountains. Delta, Northwest, and Delta Air Lines are the main carriers serving this route. Airline schedules and rates are always changing, so check with your travel agent. By Road: The Alaska Highway is a 4,400-mile road that's been around something of a legend, is best again your travel. There are a number of ways to enter the state from the continental U.S.—one as a foreigner in either Washington, Los Angeles, or Mexico. American citizens require no passport in the Canadian border, though bringing along some insurance identification is advised.

Tourist Information: Without luggage, or children of mountain that serve the purpose, can be found in the center of most of the largest towns in Alaska. The Alaska

Division of Tourism in the State Of Alaska is recommended for its diversity services. The phone number is 907-463-2000. A special note to the people: Alaska Highway Express is a ferry system from Seattle to Alaska, one ferry leaves Anchorage for the Seattle Ferry, which is made up of thousands of islands and many mountains. Delta, Northwest, and Delta Air Lines are the main carriers serving this route. Airline schedules and rates are always changing, so check with your travel agent. By Road: The Alaska Highway is a 4,400-mile road that's been around something of a legend, is best again your travel. There are a number of ways to enter the state from the continental U.S.—one as a foreigner in either Washington, Los Angeles, or Mexico. American citizens require no passport in the Canadian border, though bringing along some insurance identification is advised.

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The Eyes of Corsica

Amid the olive trees and granite paladins, it seems somebody's always watching, waiting, hoarding fantastic secrets

by Jan Morris

I began writing this essay about the Mediterranean island of Corsica not exactly under duress, but certainly under supervision. I was shaded considerably by a gigantic olive tree, cooled by a soft breeze off the sea, and lulled by bees, half-entranced by the smell of the maquis, the aromatic scrub of myrtle, lavender, heather, and thyme that clothes the island like a mantle. But immediately behind my back, observing my work in silent audience, stood five ancient figures of stone.

Four stood stonily on the edge of the flowered meadow, the fifth was officially twisted, and at the head of each there was something approximating a face. On one it was hardly more than a flat disk, on another I could imagine a searing smile, and all of them seemed to be staring fixedly down at me as I wrote, casting a silent spell upon my subject.

The hole, and a column in France. Pagan legends here grew as weird as they could—dark shaggy men, ogres, ogres, ogres.



These are the Paladins of Filitosa, the most celebrated of the megalithic remains of Corsica, placed in the valley of the Tavone. Legends know how many centuries ago, by God knows what wizard race of craftsmen. They are, though, only five of the numberless haunting and unsettling faces that, wherever I go in Corsica, seem to be staring at me, sometimes over my shoulder, like those surviving Paladins, sometimes between rocks or trees or from the facades of ancient buildings, but often, no less pointedly, straight at me across a calm lake or out of a city crowd. Corsica is an island of eyes.

JAN MORRIS is a well-known travel writer. Her first novel will be published in May.

THE HOLE IN the rock called Pagan Taluata is an unseeing eye above the hill village of Spicciotto in the northwest. A cylindrical aperture through a rocky outcrop, about twenty-five feet long, it spies upon the village from half a mile away. Twice a year, on April 6 and September 8, the setting sun positions itself behind the mountain so that it casts a particular ray, as if to search out the dark corners of the communal road, down through the hole, between a narrow gap in the houses, to bathe the little square of Spicciotto in an unearthly light.

The actual substance of Corsica, you see, often seems obscurely watchful. Southeast of Trolo, the island is a coun-

tasious hump in the Ligurian Sea, its northern tip due south of Genoa. Officially a region of France, it is nonetheless one of the most irregularly insular of islands. The smell of the maquis, at once earthy and blossomy, pervades its every corner, drifting far out to sea where the winds are right, it tagged at the heart of the cold Corsican Napoleon until the end of his days. Tangled, spiky, the maquis hides secrets of every kind beneath its flowers and prickles—drugs, minerals of the accidents to discarded automobiles and the arms caches of militant dissidents. It is such, much more than mere flora to a Corsican, "talking to the maquis" doesn't simply mean dropping out of society or escaping justice. Rather, it is to honor the deepest instincts of island tradition.

Its jagged presence plays tricks on the scale of Corsica. Though only 114 miles

Taming Moose River

by Peter N. Nelson

Canoeing down the Minnesota Boundary Waters, four poker buddies discover bad fishing, swamp beasts, and just enough blood for adventure

SOMETIMES THE wild calls and you can't put it in bold any longer—you have to do it go canoeing at the Boundary Waters of northern Minnesota because I grew up there and because canoe trips, beyond being great fishing trips, change you, teach you a lesson. Then you change back. If you're lucky, you remember some of the lessons but forget enough of them to have to return to the north woods again and again for refreshing courses.

To get to the Boundary Waters, you cross the Mesabi Iron Range. You go through towns where the biggest building is the ice cream, where the houses were built by steel corporations, and where other towns the lights go off in the Moose Lodge but some times, if you don't mind knocking out back in the dark, you can stay. This is the landscape that made Bob Dylan better—man-made mountains of iron ore the color of rust, infrastructure, wooden bridges, freight loading docks. Guys who grew up playing in the mines or on the mountains don't remember getting dirty—they remember getting red. The majority won't Bob Dylan. If you're in Iron Range, you stay around, get a job, get a place, get a wife, get a kid, and get a truck, so domestic life goes on, a real pickup. When steel is down and you're left out, you do carpentry or fix cars. We pass one farmhouse with eight Dodge Darts in the yard.

The drive sets the right sort of tone for a vacation, surrounding you with proof that life is hard and really serious, so you think of everything you're getting away from, and then suddenly it seems like it's been raining you, and you're in Lake County. PETER N. NELSON is a first-time writer living in Providence, Rhode Island.

the road curving through pine forest, no longer straight, rising and falling, bursting out of the woods to look around the edge of a lake. You sort of forget what you're getting away from and begin to feel like you're only going toward something important.

THE BOUNDARY Waters Canoe Area is the largest, least-spoiled wilderness east of the Mississippi. If about a million acres of the Minnesota River valley without a single boat can last for a week, maybe one) and 2,500 miles of hiking trails, rivers, and canoe routes which cross lakes purer than tap water and much more interesting. There are other forests, and other pure lakes, but there is no other area like this one, set aside just for canoeing, no motor allowed.

Actually, all canoe trips begin before the drive north with a poker game in Minneapolis. At least someone do. Unseasoned preparation are key. You must, for what you have against what you'll have to borrow from somebody else or buy, and then play cards until you've drunk too much to find the last and last two reach money to afford the trip. The next day, you drive to Ely and stop or rent everything you forgot to bring. It's about eighty-five miles north of Duluth on the cross-lake, two and a half hours if the cross-lake is closed to the BWCA and dependent on insurance. We pull in about 11:30 on a dreary Sunday morning. The streets, compared to my last trip, six years ago, are empty. We do our part for the local economy by eating lunch at a restaurant. I order my favorite Sunday morning meal, the Mexican combination number four. It's the worst number that I've ever had, so I won't miss the place. Usually beers are good. Four is also the ideal size canoeing party.



My place is better than last—I drove you down, but it spreads the stores around. Three, and two frequently gang up on one. Two guys, absolutely dependent on each other, thirty miles into the woods, tend to want to dismember each other with camp axes when one drops the food pack overhead or the other feels like carrying more than his share on portages. I took my last trip with my oldest friend, Bruce, real name Bruce, changed by a type in college. It ended with me paddling into town where we were waiting for two miles back to our last campsite to get the pair of brand-new Timberland boots Bruce left behind, while he hiked back to the car. And believe me, I needed to be alone. We're trying it again this year, along with my sister's boyfriend, Kirk, who just took his bar exam and is

now keen to relax by carrying in my objects up and down steep hills. Also along is my friend Chuck, a writer still living in Iowa City, where we bartended one way through graduate school together. It will be a good trip, I think. I've hoped until my gut ached with each of them. Also, our outdoor experience is roughly equal. Nothing on a good trip quicker than bringing an expert along.

We find an outliner after lunch, real two canoes, at about twelve dollars a day, by fifty-dollars' worth of Tang, peanut butter, and so on, and another fifty dollars on dehydrated camp food (we'd rather have cheeseburgers as opposed, but that gets expensive), and head out. We follow a

river passing with canoeists and portaging into the water. We'll come again to make for these children—most of

road called the Echo Trail that got the name because it's so rough that when the pieces fall off your car, the sound echoes off the way to Duluth) to our entry point, the Moose River, where I selected over the phone from Rhine Island on the reservation of a friend. Choosing an entry point is usually half the fun of the trip—poring over maps, getting a feel for the route. Long portages are harder than short ones, hilly country is prettier but harder to cross than flatter country, deep lakes might have lake trout in them, while shallow lakes are better for bass or walleye, stand campsites best where sites early in the season, before the firewood gets picked clean, and portages are always

slow. So try to anticipate what you'll find. Had I seen a map, I would have noticed, surrounding the Moose River, a lot of this. . . the cartographer's sign for camp. It's 100 rods (2,640 feet) from portage lot to river—long, but no first portage seems long. The Moose "River" proves to be a shallow, narrow, slow-moving gray stream that winds through brush, fields of wild rice, and a lot of gravelly silt. . . We see several camps in the brush where people trail lead to the water's edge, and moose prints in the mud, and maybe three or four beaver lodges with half-built dams clogging brush through every day for the beavers to rebuild. It keeps them busy. It's three miles on a straight line to Nam Moose

labor, one destination, but the Moose River doesn't know the meaning of change. It flows on in a winding, meandering two-lane highway, under power line masts and the occasional farmstead, carrying its cargo of silt and stones and pebbles and logs deep in thick, green mud. Chocoma and Brainerd are a good length. As we pull in, we do not want to be the young rangers, among things like "Hey, look, a dead muskrat!" or "There sure are a lot of water bugs!" No threat to Marilee Perkins, but this is partly the point of canoeing, to slowly lead your way back into a relationship with Nature, like the rube who's never been in the city spending his first few hours at Minnehaha trying "Hey, that's the Bangor State Dinosaur" or "Saw me a lot of cubs."

To move on to an arthropod, the BWA projects itself in a breathtaking sweep of aridian lakes, channels, bays, streams, wooded islands, peninsulas, hills, and the northeasternmost part of the state (called the Arrowhead), mountains that rise to 2,301 feet. There are so many lakes, like raindrops on the hood of your car, that some don't even have names. The BWA projects itself in a sweeping arc of aridian lakes in Minnesota, though they're large enough to stand their plates to count. From the sea you can see older lakes in varying degrees of evolution: some empty ones that have just begun to fill, bays, depressions, partly filled, that are turning to peat, and lakes the land has recaptured completely, washed out. You notice variously colored patches of forest—soft green, yellow, brown, mostly aspen and birch—where rock or fire took out the darker ones and left scars.

To a person girdling a canoe the preoccupation is entirely different—the issue isn't the risk's perspective. From the safety of the shore, you're looking at the person on the canoe who's going around it, and it's possible to get lost, even with a compass and a good map, and moderate orienteering skills. The attention is on you, not on the canoe. You're not worried about the canoe, you're looking over your shoulder, nothing looks right when you reverse direction. You say things like "Those clouds look like they're coming in from the north, so we're being here." Then you feel a tick, and under the surface, with canoe slammers scraped on the sharp edges of it, and you know that even if you're lost, someone will find you. You're not worried about you, and you're not nervous. In fact, a good way to tell if it's really you came in a position is to assess how much aluminum you can see scraped off on the rocks. If there's a lot of aluminum, you're in a bad position, or else you want to work out the time you don't, so just better use the land. Nothing will stop a vesperian there than breaking your canoe in half trying to run.

water and water-grease, we make open water. All our canoes, take long drinks, stop, and chew down on the girth bark has brought. The plan is to set up camp here, with some ash, and boiling down to the water like a marmite. In case that thirty minutes we pitch the tents, be the food up at a time so the bears will have more time to backwash from eating your food. They won't eat you, and crush open the tickle bones, among things like "they eat, but this is really going to live again." Kirk walks out on the shore, and the bears are all looking at him, and are uninterestingly annoyed on the bottom. Clark is coming from above, a tiny figure that goes twice first into the wind and then back. He's eating and sitting on his back, the beards that decide last out at any in the first place. He decides to cut off the tent and put on new line. Kirk takes a small, and the water is all over, and the water is all over the water.

"I don't believe this," I say, "look at you guys. What a bunch of cowards." I find my own tackle box. "Here, birds," I say, "use this—of it's probably the sharpest knife we got," and take out my filleting knife. Just to make sure, I give it a few test passes with my pocket whetstone as if I'm demonstrating Gaijin on TV. Immediately, I slice my index finger close to the bone, a quarter inch from the tip.

In no time at all my body's natural defense mechanisms rush a whole slew of explosives to my larynx, where I expel them loudly.

"What'd you do?" Bruce asks. "I cut my grandfather's finger off," I say, exaggerating for effect. But that's not what I did. I cut off a piece of his toenail. "Check! Check! Check!" he says. I look at him, and press back to cutting. Bruce continues story to entangle his line. "Then, sure, it's a little bit of a pain, but it's not a big deal." **COULD SOMEONE PLEASE HELP MR. HERSH?** A girl next to me would be all over me with sympathy and admiration. I think, a mother may better help me bridge the gap between my grandfather and the audience in the backcountry, and we'll do some. I have to waste some. I get my first clear look at my finger. I'm a doctor, but my status is a little shaky. We make do. I'm a doctor, but my status is a little shaky. I and I peddle over to a Boy Scout troop are spotted coming down the way, leaving one of the leaders in an M.D. house, but one seems to dress up none from the rest. The night of my blood makes him so nervous he can't twist the ripple off the tube of first-aid cream. When he does, it spurs all over his hand, neck, and face. He falls back.

While Kirk and Clark cook supper, I sit on a rock, wondering what else could possibly happen to worsen the situation.

[illegible]

It would also be misleading not to mention that on most canoe trips, there comes a point when you ask yourself, "Why am I doing this?" This is not her. I've had her before, and it was nothing like this. "Only occasionally are you brought to that point by mosquitoes, and it's probably just as irrelevant that it happens the first night. I've awoken a long time and ponder how far wanted we take civilization, a doctor to

crushes away, a telephone to call him on. I feel no particular physical torment, but rather, something uncomfortably, assuaging my finger turning blue overnight, some country doctor shaking his head, saying, "Shoot, boy, if I could get to it in time, I might save it. Nurse! Fetch, hand me them bolt cutters..." I comfort myself, thinking, Well, if it does get infected, the pen will walk me up. You know you're in trouble when that's a comforting thought.

This voice is my vote the next morning to move camp. 8-0. Robert's Shalen says you can only vote once, but Robert never camped on Niwa Moose Lake. We go on a guided tour north to the Niwa Moose River to Lake Agnes, over a scenic road and a mostly-unroaded portage. On one, we meet a father with two sons. I ask him if he's a doctor, explaining why I need one, but he says no.

"Well," he says, lawyerly, "you can go that way," pointing south, "or that way," pointing north.

Agassiz is twice the size of Nova Moose and thirty feet deep, where Nova Moose was only six. We head northeast and claim another peninsula, one of the most gorgeous sites I've ever seen, twenty feet above the lake in a grove of fragrant cedar and birch and Norway spruce with a circle of

legs to sit on surrounding the lake. Some of the oldest rocks on earth are here, including colossal slabs of aoid granite called pillow shoulders up through the cryosphere, bare or covered with lichen, ranging in color from

Apophyses gray to black, sometimes glaucous of the variegata species and seeded it down. Proliferating at the base of a cliff or between the overhangs, you can see faces and occasional Indian pictographs. The figures of bear and mouse that colored tree pigments. Even so, it is one of the softest plants I have in thick with green needles. It springs as a vine later, then breaks so advanced in decomposition you can put your hand inside and appreciate them like a roll of paper. The woods infinitely subdivided cool spaces, defined by the trunk of the bark and the hoar of their branches, by ferns and

at ground level, by spider webs and dampers in the murky whole extend on the seams of the sulfurous substance of the trees and the woven lapping shoo—unspeaking who can't be seen can't find it anywhere. We make a base camp and take rather than push further in.

That evening, Kirk and I, northern, sometimes called red-pike, and Chuck hooks a bass. Brute goes strikeless, persistent liscitash and burn is everything up his dinner and burn is better, but northern. Sooner fishermen don't like which are bony, slurry, and wing. I've always sort of enjoyed big ones try to pull your air darkness approaches. We sit

and watch two stationary stars perhaps thirty miles apart, we flashing back and forth between them as they're communicating. The closer the stars, the closer to a almost perfect profile of 3. Some George Sanders. As we balance across the profile line, George Sanders, to Hal Beller, Lincoln, to Peggy Yonson, to Which of the West. It's a moment

We sit around the fire and by all the people we ever knew, a well built team Brian and Kirk sit

fact. We reserve the marriage license and place bets for or

one point, we notice that the direction of our conversation, from one subject to the next, just the location of needs at rest with love between to stare into the flame talk about how men do that sometimes, sometimes about it

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"I wonder what the fish are doing right
now," I say, frowning a bit into the line.
"They're probably eating small water
snakes or other eels," Kiki says.
"They probably stay up all night trying
to get them in," Chuck says.

"Tennessee," Brink says. "I'm catching
a fish."
Brink and I stay up to watch the moon,
the color of patches, out to the southwest.
We discuss writing, movies, where we
want to live, his piano-tuning business, and
my folks, whom he still drops in on every
now and then, though I haven't lived at
home in years. The mosquitoes, a little
thick at dusk, though nothing like the night
before, are all gone. Kiki's stories re-
produce the sounds of every animal in
North America, and several from Africa,
so we talk over them. It seems like our
first chance to really talk since our last trip.

THE THIRD DAY, Kiki and Chuck go out
early and come back with breakfast—two
pancakes, waffles and a banana—and tales of
wild-fish-catch adventures that took one of
Kiki's Rapalas. According to our experi-
ence, all you need to fish the HWCA is ac-
cort to right-angled movement line,
needle-nosed pliers, and so many Rapalas
and Muggs spinning rigs as you can carry.
Maybe some sailors to help you cast
wonderful. Most Indians keep sailboats
from killing your line off, but the water's so
clear that every other fish in the lake can
spot them easily. Medium action spinning
rods are best, and the same in rods,
though often that handle down is, hell,
when you load the canoe. You can make an
anchor with rope, a T-tether you don't need
swimming, and any rock the size of a can-
dlescope, which should be easy to find.
Leaving nets are a good plan to hold steady,
so if you need it, you can make a good
line just about any trick in the woods. Wal-
leye are the bestest fish in the water,
though I've caught weeds that give me a bet-
ter fight. At any rate, breakfast is delicious.
That afternoon we bathe in the lake,
nap, and then head back out, north up the
Boatmen River to beautiful little stream
with rocks at the elbows and cover in the
pockets, where we find fish under every
rock. We keep enough bass for supper
and throw everything else back, everyone
but Brink. He's got backhairs again.

Beper in fish, powdered beef strips,
soft, dry chips, peanut butter, and Tang. I
go down by the water to change my ba-
coons, and three women come for the peo-
ple camped across the lake. They ask if
we've seen any bears. I'm tempted to say
them a wounded bear not far from here
just to enhance their first wilderness expe-
rience, since only first-timers still ask
about bears, but I hold my tongue, it's not
that you stay worried about them, but
you stay looking on you do.

They paddle onward, and I take some
time to just stare at the water. People who

grow up in Minnesota establish a rela-
tionship with water and sky or sandbar,
family chaos, summer camps, graduate
from high school with a notebook dedi-
cated to a disaster who drowned in a
boating accident. There are something like
twenty lakes in Minnesota alone, with
people enjoying them during the
day and lake fishing and beside them at
night. When I was growing up, if I had a
problem, like a girlfriend wanting to split
up, I'd drive around Lake Harriet to think,
joining a parade of cars driven by people
thinking about their problems. The worst
problem I ever had was maybe a fire lap-
per. Unlike a river or an ocean, a lake is
both fixed and finite, and the Michigan
contamination of lakes translates into the Mi-
nnesota's unique virtue—an odd sort of
hybrid character that might be called
flexible structure, a first first-of-a-kind, it
leads to back philosophizing, but it gets
you through the winter.

Kiki, Brink, and Chuck enter down to
water to join me. The moon is up, and
there's some bright heavenly body or
other next to it. We play jigsaw auto-
matons.

"It's got to be Mern," Brink opines.
"This looks more green than red to
me," I say. "I'll bet it's Venus."

"What planets can you see?" Kiki asks.
It starts to rain about midnight, so we
return. It rains steadily all night, but the
dawn is clear, with a souly breeze blow-
ing from the southwest. Our sleeping bags
are dry, though damp, good-looking, so
we strike lines and hang them out to
dry. It's our last full day, and our goal is to
get Brink a fish. We paddle hard up the
Boatmen River to Lac La Croix, heading for
a spot called "Never Full Sun," taking the
short cut we've made. It's the only place
everybody gets lucky except Brink. In one
row, Kiki draws back the biggest fish
he's caught in his life, an eight-pound
northern. Five minutes later I look into the
water beside my canoe and spy a similar-
size pike, staring at me in curiosity, not six
inches below the surface. They're known
to do that, and when you see one watching
you it feels more than passing strange.
Two minutes later he's eating line. He re-
sembles, but they're not the same.

By mid-afternoon the sky has turned
overcast, and dark thunderclouds gather
directly over where our sleeping bags
are. We disembark on an island, do a
whole bag of gary, and talk it over. Every-
one who seems to sleep in a sandbar-
bag, raise your head. I'm more worried
about getting caught on a sandbar than on
a storm, so we head back, making the Boi-
der toward home. Chuck takes the two
nearest lakes of the trip in less than ten
minutes at the base of a waterfall. Brink
gets a rock. It cuts his knee. We go back.

"That," he says at supper, "was the great-
est fishing I've ever seen. And I mean now."



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Now that billfolds, checkbook covers, key-cases, travel kits, toile and desk agendas are here, you can enjoy a Little Hartmanns whenever you go. And if you put a Little Hartmanns into one of your big ones when you travel, share life it's all in the family.

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Maybe you think you've got it down: the night flights, the weekenders, the early starts. Maybe you say these frequent-flyer members are your only real consolation for endless hours spent going to or from yet another meeting. But trust us, there's more to business travel than just getting through it. Worthwhile a few suggestions:

GETTING THERE

HIGH ROAD TO CHINA

Until Japan Air Lines (JAL) and Vietoree persuaded Peking otherwise, it was impossible to make an independent business itinerary in China. Now you can. The China-to-Pe program allows you the freedom to schedule yourself into nine major Chinese cities and others on special request. In addition, an optional \$500 (airfare) Business Referral Service will cut through the red tape to help you meet Chinese business contacts you might never find by yourself. In Peking, China-to-Pe uses two new deluxe hotels, the Huadu Hotel and the Great Wall Hotel, the shimmering site of President Bush's gala state dinner for his Chinese hosts last year. Call 800-367-6268 or, in New York State, 212-355-6074.

PORT WORTH IT

Brisk can't seem to get enough airlines. Now on the heels—on the tail—of American, Muse, Southwest, Braniff, and Waco comes Port Worth Airlines. So far the flights from Port Worth's Mustang Field to Houston's Hobby, Austin, and San Antonio have caught on with the twenty-five- to thirty-five-year-old salesmen, engineers, lawyers, and bankers who make day trips around the region.

The carrier's four turbojets allow up to fifty-six beds. Twenty thirty-two to thirty-eight inches between seats and six feet six inches of headroom—enough for ten-gallon hats. All flights cost \$47 (peak weekdays, 7:00 a.m.-7:00 p.m.) and \$52 off peak (7:00 p.m.-7:00 a.m. and weekends). Look for Midwest Airlines, American, Lockheed, TWA, and Oklahoma City to come on line soon.

IN FLIGHT INFO

Airline Airlines asks, Why read yesterday's news in today's Italian newspaper when you can have the latest news belted out the way? After all, the day is over in Europe before you even take off from America's airports.

Now, thanks to satellite transmission by Italy's ANSA News Agency, Airtalk gives its Top and Business Class fares from New York's Kennedy Airport a fifteen-page, English-Italian summary of the latest general news, stock-exchange transactions, information on business and economics, sports, and cultural events; and current Italian trade-fair agendas. The bulletin ends with what may be the most important information of all—"The Weather in Italy."

A LONDON BRIDGE

Forget about the stone abutments that got shipped to Arizona. British Airways has a new London Bridge program that provides "through check-in" for you and your luggage from fifteen U.S. cities including Boston, Detroit, Los Angeles, Washington, Miami, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Anchorage) via London to any of their destinations abroad.

Milkyway-based business travelers get the best deal. In addition to the baggage service, there is now no surcharge for Super Club seating to the Middle East—a newly \$500 fare reduction road-trip. And anyone with at least a three-hour layover in London for an onward flight to South America or the Gulf can be whisked to BA's new Oasis Lounge at the nearby ExCelotel Hotel. The suite of services, with hairdressing and valets, lounge complimentary shower, soft drinks, television, and newspapers and, of course, tea—the British way to keep your rim up when your body clock runs down.

BACK ON TRACK

There is a new optimist at Airtalk that we haven't seen in the recent years of budget cuts, decaying equipment, and in decent meal service. The railroad is back on track with you, ready when a special trip at package-packaged fare, and it's established new routes to connect a larger number of commutable cities.

For instance, Virginia business travelers can ride the new Virginian from Richmond to Washington or Baltimore at time for making appointments, then on to Philadelphia and New York for lunch. A

new Airtalk has service links Richmond to Charlottesville, where the Cardinal stops in its way between New York and Chicago. And through May 31, any round trip on the Cardinal costs just \$10 more than the regular one-way fare if that fare is over \$50.

Washington workers on leave in New York at 8:34 a.m. on the new early-morning First State (9:30 a.m. departure). A tip to World Trade Center travelers: get off in Newark at 7:58 and take the New Jersey PATH train direct to the twin towers: avoid climbing from Penn Station at rush hour. Round-trip excursion fare to New York: \$97. Airtalk has also started the first train service in over twenty years between Raleigh and Charlotte, North Carolina. The Carolinian is now rolling with coastal service to Richmond and New York. And the new Bay State, with first-class club service, links Boston and New Haven via Springfield, Massachusetts, as a mild alternative to the coastal Northeast Corridor train through Providence. Call 800-USA-RAIL for details.



See Britain, a British Airways program. (Inset: Page 10)

TRIP HITS

British, the national railroad of Britain, wants you to get just off London. Not from any lack of hospitality, just for your own good. The railroad's new Triple Ticket, at a flat fare of \$50, allows you three days from arrival of twenty-one or more scenic and historic towns outside London, to be taken within six months of purchase. So whether you have marinate business in Greenwich, academic pursuits at Cambridge, or just need a beach break at Brighton, the choices are varied enough to allow you Britain as greater than London alone. Call British at 212-554-5400 or ask your travel agent for a Triple Ticket.

On First TRIP/ON
1989-1990 update
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See Product Service Card for
page 10 of "The Business Traveler"

REMEMBER ALAMO

It can be tough for a small or medium company to qualify for corporate discounts at the Big Four rental car companies—Hertz, Avis, Budget, and National—but **Alamo Rent A Car** is making it easier. At any of its extensive locations Alamo is extending a nationally guaranteed flat rate for business travelers as high to 30 percent lower than any of the Big Four's. Web site or companies, rates vary from city to city and are subject to change without notice. But Alamo's rates don't vary with client company size, rental volume, or rental location.

Alamo rents at forty-six locations in fourteen states. In addition to Boston, Los Angeles, Seattle, Dallas/Fort Worth, Atlanta, and Miami (where others), the company is expanding its footprint this year in Chicago, Houston, and Washington, D.C.

TAKING A BACKSEAT

Think about it that time you spend driving your rental car to and from the airport or to meetings across town. Up the highway, down the main drag—couldn't you put that time to better use? Hertz thinks so. For a mere \$15 hourly surcharge over the regular rental rate, the company now provides car and driver for the same service in a certified car on a test run in southern California—Los Angeles, Beverly Hills, Anaheim, and Palm Springs—but expansion is certain given its early success.

The chauffeur service requires twenty-four-hour advance reservations. Call 800-654-3538.

CAREY TRANSPORTATION

We used to wonder the wait for a cab at New York's Kennedy Airport, succumbing to a slow queueing bus line only at last resort. But **Carey Transportation**, the major bus link between JFK, LaGuardia, and Manhattan, has changed all that. Reimagine itself as a limousine, installing lights, work shade, and other amenities that also includes a drinking Chetcozzy cab, and there are convenient pick-up/drop-off stops at Park Avenue opposite Grand Central Station and at the new for Transit Authority Bus Terminal—East Side and West.

Every Eastern Shuttle flight is met outside at LaGuardia, and departure is within fifteen minutes of landing; return trips from midtown Manhattan leave every fifteen minutes. Tickets can be bought in advance at Bayard's Washington—one way at LaGuardia, \$8; round trip, \$10. To or from Kennedy runs \$4 one way, \$13 round trip.

For more information, call Carey Transportation at 212-366-0788. If you're not sure whether a bus, limo, cab, or train would best serve your needs, call the Port Authority Hotline at 800-438-RIDE. They'll tell you all the options.

TALKING ON WHEELS

The idea of using cruise ships as meeting venues has probably never waned well with your company's accountants—the trips are merely too deductive, as they're hardly a bargain. But here's a new ripple worth checking out: employee vacation or activity clubs can now book top-quality cruises for 3 to 23 percent off (\$120-\$33,004 per cabin) through the **Cruise Advantage Program**. Developed by Landry & Kling Cruise Consultants, **Cruise Advantage** allows individual or group bookings on any of thirty sailings scheduled to fit your year. No last-minute, space-filler bargains, these are regular bookings at below-regular prices on the industry's best-rated ships.

Whether you prefer a statement to the crowd, the *Queen Mary*, or the *Libertador*, or the *Medusevian*, **Cruise Advantage** gives employees a break—at no expense to the boss. Time-Life, New York Telephone, and International Flights are already on board. Call 800-438-4337 or in New York State, 212-486-6290 ext. 2.

STAYING

INTERCONTINENTAL SHIFT

The Old Graces are being resurrected at **Inter-Continental Hotels**, even as the company blazes the high-tech trail. While the Hotel Inter-Continental London has just launched Internet, the latest and lowest-cost version of international two-way teleconferencing, the Mark Hopkins Hotel Center in San Francisco has revived the after-work tradition of the tea dance. **Inter-Continental** is a new \$1,600-hour video link from London to the dated Inter-Continental New York comparable to the former \$1,800-hour "high-quality full-motion transmission." It makes nearest transmission and print cost possible in six seconds. The 84-percent price drop is due to new technology and deregulation.

Meanwhile, for those who can't dance the night away, the capriciously renovated Mark Hopkins Inter-Continental atop San Francisco's Nob Hill has a once-a-month Friday alternative: a tea dance in the historic Presidio Court from 5:30 to 8:30 p.m. Six dances with a meeting place for the dancing during the year are the "tea" and food still only \$10 each. Today the dance are a bit more genteel, but the lively ones of the Royal Society Jazz Orchestra will still shake away your weekday worries.

We found the dance a perfect prelude to dinner at the premier Top of the Mark northern states up—a worthy expense-account reward.

HILTON DRINKS

Hilton International is making every attempt to prove its business-travel charms are, indeed, V.I.P.'s. Although the nearly one hundred hotels around the world are all luxurious, the *Inter-Continental Executive*

floor rooms coming in line at each hotel are special positions that the chain cares about quality. The standard amenities in these special floors include complimentary Continental breakfast, free maid drinks, and individual concierge services in private lounge.

But the service goes even further: the farther you are from home—in Bangkok and Singapore, Hilton provides a valet to unpack your bags. Recently we spotted *maisons* Ray Parker Jr. and top golfer Steve Belavien among the guests at the Tokyo Hilton, an indication that the advanced facilities are drawing the cream of the crop.

JOIN THE CLUB

Why slog through crowds of hotel guests trying to get your own company meeting among a mass of function rooms full of other conferences? Why not have your meeting or product-preview in your own exclusive place with your corporate name on it? **Club Med** will turn any of its more than one hundred vacation villages worldwide into "Club Your Company-Name-Here"—from the ninety-two-bed **Club Med** in Barbados, Tobago, to the 750-bed **Club Med** in Hawaii, Mexico. But a single hotel rate the club gives a buffer against cancellation, as well as Club Med's renowned recreational activities—some even have computer classrooms.

East Centers can convene at the deluxe and **Club Med** Residences in the Yach and Casco Islands, ninety countries from Miami, West Coastlines have easy access to the new **Club Med** Guyana on Mexico's Sea of Cortez, less than an hour's drive from L.A.

Club Med will arrange all flights, meals, conference space, and recreation. For more information call 800-526-3300 or in New York State, 212-977-2334.

DOWN WITH A THEN

If your meeting group doesn't need a village but would like some scenery, **L'Ermite Hotel** has meeting rooms with views it says enhance creativity and relieve frustration. The panoramic rooms are at one of the oldest Los Angeles hotels—L'Ermite, Le Relais, Le Mondrian (the most famous hotel on Sunset Strip), Le Daly, and Le Parc—with inspiring views from city to sea.

GO WEST, YOUNG MAN

Fitness clubs and business service centers—two essentials of today's corporate hotels—are evolving at an amazing clip, and nowhere more rapidly than at the **Marriott Hotels**. Both the Arizona Shores in Phoenix and the **Marriott Hotel** opening in Washington, D.C., later this year have physicians and physiologists available to set up stress-reducing exercise health plans. And the **Business Cen-**

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only \$200 for following the program, but a peak performance at the negotiating table may be all the compensation you need.

COMPUTER CARE

Watch out for the "Apple compatible" and "IBM compatible" computer bargains you see abroad, especially in the Far East and Canada—you are likely to lose your purchase at the U.S. border. U.S. Customs has to seize any foreign-made computers and software that copy trademarks, patented, or copyrighted components of the domestic competition.

Duty is generally just 4.5 percent on imported computers, so you can find bargains if you know how to shop. But contact Customs for advice in advance; you'll find them in the white pages under "U.S. Government, Treasury Department, Customs Service."

Be careful carrying a computer out of the U.S., too. A company-owned micro-computer could be subject to export controls and prohibitions, especially to Euro-creditor countries. Call the Department of Commerce's Exporters Service Staff at 202-577-6861 for guidelines.

If it's your own computer—or camera, watch, tape recorder, whatever—register it with Customs before you go so you don't have to pay duty on it when you return. Ask for Customs Form 4457, Registration Certificate. But you'll have to bring your things to a Customs office to do it; no mail-in registrations.

BACK-TOWN HEAVEN

The self-proclaimed Tsukuba Expo '85, successor to the Osaka and Osaka Expo '70s of the 1970s, expects to draw twenty million high-tech info and business travelers before it closes in September. From Japan, National Railway's JR557 magnetic-levitation train, which flies just above its tracks at 187 mph, to Sony's Jumbo Tron televisions, the world's largest screen, viewable half a mile away, the Expo will have full exhibition (fifty-four non-licensed) at a 260-acre site in Tsukuba Science City, forty-four miles northwest of Tokyo.

The theme of the U.S. Pavilion is scientific intelligence. "Can rats make a machine that thinks?" The exhibit will trace the evolution of hardware from early brain-based good computers to today's portable microchip models.

RIZ RIZ

The new Elrod Plaza Ashland, named for its Paris inspiration, has expanded New York with the most elegant Old World ambience and service seen in the city for years. On Gary-Bouth Street between Park and Madison, it's a perfect home base for prestigious business meetings or romantic soirées (800-225-9575 or 212-754-0930). —Rananda Resnikowicz Hotels, the upper-entree: local at

Rananda, a money worldwide to operate properties and has added a full-service member, 800-225-8958. Staying at any Rananda Hotel with a new Rananda Business Card comes benefits and dividends, including up to a weekly vacation for two at any Rananda worldwide. —Budget Rent a Car is the exclusive car rental partner in Western Airline's frequent-flyer program; each Budget rental is worth a five-hundred-mile credit for airline benefits. —Inter-Continental's new Business Travelers Guide to Europe is available free from Inter-Continental Hotels, Marketing Department, 1220 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10020. —And the comprehensive Greater Los Angeles Photos and Composites Bureau Photos Guide for 1984 and 1985 is out from the Greater Los Angeles Visitors and Convention Bureau, P.O. Box 71836, ABC Plaza, Los Angeles, California 90071. —Every Marriott Hotel and Resort in the continental U.S. will have VideoStar videorecording systems as fast as they can be installed. Marriott claims its network will be the first to connect every major city center so extensively. —When you stay in the Presidential Suite of the Sheraton Premier Hotel in Universal City, California, you can enjoy the services of Karl Adamson, former butler to Lord Spencer, father of Britain's Prince Diana. —Omni/Dunfey Hotels has joined Superational Hotel Reservations, a computerized reservations network allowing one-call bookings for any Omni/Dunfey property in the world. Superational represents seventeen hotel chains with 270 properties, all available through Omni/Dunfey's central number, 800-226-2121. —Western Cruise Lines' Azura Seas, based in Los Angeles, has unveiled large-screen video suitable for seminars and sales meetings at sea. —Pay checkers of Citicorp Travelers Checks are now offered \$5,500 of baggage insurance for \$1; call 800-344-6389. —You can now get to London faster and easier thanks to new services by Pan Am and Northwest Orient out of Detroit. Pan Am out of Houston, and British Airways from Tokyo, Orlando, and Pittsburgh. —The U.S. State Department recommends having confirmed hotel and onward flight reservations if visiting Hong Kong in April/May or October/November, when the city is packed. —Japan Air Lines sells Japanese- and Chinese-language cassette 120 each for business travelers. Write JAL, Literature Distribution Center, P.O. Box 7712, Woodside, N.Y. 11377. —Quality International Hotels makes a \$1 donation to the American Lung Association every time you book a smoking room at any of its seven beachfront properties through November. Call 800-283-1270.

—David Weiss and Jane B. Lasker are travel writers based in California.

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Here's a 1971 Arabian night in Moroccan transport.

ON THE ROAD TO MOROCCO

THOSE WHO COURT the serenity with which Moroccan riders breezeback riding may want to consider the case of Sultan Moulay Ismail. Morocco's illustrious seventeenth-century ruler. While building his new capital at Fez, the Sultan drew up plans for a three-mile-long set of silver-built stables to house 1,200 horses. Any also who wasn't galling his weight, it was envisioned, would be cremated into the stable walls.

Things have lightened up a bit since then. Still, anyone who wants to see Morocco by horseback should be prepared to do some serious hoofing—during some days of the thirteen-day trip sponsored by FITS Equitourism, riders are expected to spend six straight hours atop a specially outfitted. Guests come up in Tangiers for a day of sight-seeing before hitting the group camps and high cliffs of the Moroccan countryside. By day, visitors will ride, kabaia with Berber farmers, then ride some more; by night, they will camp out in the trail in tents. Appropriately, riders will go on to see the Sultan's capital before departing back to the ancient city of Meknes. This year, FITS is also offering a luxury package in which riders can stay exclusively in Moroccan hotels. The camping trip, which costs \$895 (not including airfare), departs May 23, June 15, and July 14. The hotel trip, priced at \$995 (not including airfare), leaves May 5, June 2, June 30, and September 1. CONTACT FITS EQUITOURISM, 2011 ALAMO PINTADO, SOLVANA, CALIFORNIA 93863. TEL: 805-658-9994.

SAFARI SO GOOD



IN HIS EXPLORES David Livingstone wrote, "I did open a path to the interior or path?" But two years ago his African expedition, he had culminated a life when he happened upon one of the world's highest waterfalls, he simply carved his initials in a nearby tree. Now that visited road now stands the great Victoria Falls, one of the stops on Sobek Expeditions' twelve-day Zambezi wildlife safari. That safari is a unique hybrid of camping-out and luxury. During the day, visitors bloodily pursue elephants, buffalo, and then through the remote African bush. At night, they bed down in deluxe accommodations.

The highlight of the trip is riding a raft through the Great Zambesi Gorge near Victoria Falls. No one had ever run the tea here, towing rafts before 1982; now, Sobek takes two thousand visitors there annually. The departures are July 8 and 13, and August 1, 18, and 20. CONTACT SOBEX EXPEDITIONS, ANGELS CAMP, CALIFORNIA 92522. TEL: 805-736-6558.

SLOW BOAT TO ALASKA

In one of his earliest songs, Bob Dylan defined the class concept: "If you put a lot of money you can make yourself money." If you only get a medal at the State Island Festival? If you are somewhere in between is this wilderness experience, one that best for making yourself money may be Sanborn Travel's Alaska one-day. For reasonable costs Sanborn offers exciting week-long trips on its luxury

ferry from Fairbanks, British Columbia, to Glacier or Skagway, Alaska. Along the way, guests can either let the boat take a look at the glacial splendor of the Inside Passage or pay attention to the ferry's deck, coming aboard in the ferry's dining room, or on the outdoor outdoor part in Alaska, passengers can disembark, collect their own or life from the ferry's awards, then explore surrounding frontier towns or the peaks of Denali National Park. If you like what you see, you don't have to come back right away—or even at all. Sanborn allows



Heading out in a star-grafted motor.

STAR TREK

In the movies, classes in speeding piloting could be an extracurricular as driver it is today. Now, however, there is only one place where there's going to know what it feels like to train for—then to fly on—a space mission can actually their curiosity. Starting in September, the Space and Rocket Center in Huntsville, Alabama, will offer a four-day Space Camp for adults, using the facilities and consultants of the adjoining Marshall Space Flight Center.

On day one, trainees will familiarize themselves with the space-suitable cockpit and ground-control simulators. They'll learn to operate their space suit's life-support system, figure out how to track the shuttle's remote-control area, and drill on a simulated state-of-the-art flight simulator. Trainees will also get experience in the role of their flight. Finally, strapped into a cockpit simulator, participants will experience countdown and blast off. As the commander and pilot operate the control system, a computer-driven engine will track the path of the shuttle's orbit. Meanwhile, the trainee's experiences will be conducted under air lock conditions.

The program will start September 12 and continue for six consecutive weeks. The fee for training, meals, and housing is \$300. CONTACT SPACE CAMP, TRACY QUALITY BASE, RAINSVILLE, ALABAMA 35860. TEL: 800-632-3250.

you to quit your mind-blowing fun, leaving with one week and returning when you want. Sanborn also offers three- or five-day air-sea excursions.

Stop on every Friday between June 7 and September 24. Booking trips ranges from \$795 to \$1,275, during your stay or \$795 on or after \$250-\$1,275. CONTACT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR SANBORN CRUISES, SUITE 200, 3217 S. PIMA BLVD., SAN JUAN, TEXAS 79124. WASHINGTON, D.C. TEL: 202-857-6288.

LOVE AT FIRST BIKE



By George! He, just a man in traditional Romanian dress.

WELL, YOU'RE WRONG if you think Southwestern Europe has nothing more to recommend it than conventional beach resorts, peach groves, and gyms. Selling tables about the original David Dossini. Consider, for example, the ancient Romanian tradition of real biking. Apparently all visitors of Romania so city still do nothing better than to head down to the country spa for an intriguing out of town, followed by a sensory hike in the sun. These and other adventures wouldn't be seen as a four-day springtime bike trip through Romania's Transylvanian Alps and the Great Plains of Hungary.

The cycling trip begins with a day of sight-seeing in Budapest. Then it's off to the scenic shores of Lake Balaton for a short warm-up ride and a night of drinking, fun, meeting, and Hungarian folk dancing. Senior business starts the next morning as cyclists begin covering up to fifty miles a day through the Hungarian countryside. There's a plenty of wine, however, but stops at local villages. Crossing into Romania, the group continues visiting medieval towns and looking down at village ruins. Of course, the landscape of Vaid the landscape—Gyula is the fifteen-century citadel of Transylvania—is a noted splendor. Later on, the cyclists hit the modern resort town of Balnea, where they are taken by escort to a 14th-century Romanian bathhouse. After a day of sight-seeing it's back to Budapest and the end of the road.

The trip will run May 6-18. If you bring your own bike, the total cost is \$850. If not, the price is \$1,165—but you get to keep the captain's-ordered touring, made! used on the trip. CONTACT OFF THE DEEP END TRAVELS, PO BOX 126, GUNESVILLE, TEXAS 78645. TEL: 904-373-6283.



Shuttleman runs down to meet off with.

WHAT'S NEXT TO NEPAUL?

FOR CENTURIES, NEPAUL hid from the world behind its heavy mists and border-guarding mountains. While nearby Nepal and Tibet became almost everyday destinations for modern travel-seekers, Bhutan remained closed and mysterious. The country was not opened to travelers until 1974, and it remains one of the least-traveled tourist spots in the world. Now, during a twenty-three-day trip organized by Above the Clouds Trekking, visitors can spend almost two weeks tramping through dense forests and spectacular mountain peaks until hitting the three-thousand-foot base camp of Chomolungma, Bhutan's seven-thousand-foot—and one of the world's most beautiful—peak. Sprinkled throughout the hike are visits to colorful monasteries heavy with wood carvings, surrounded by Buddhist villages and surrounded with their monks. Near the end of the trip, guests are shown up Tibet that to see a spectacular sunset over Mount Everest.

This is a rigorous trip; trek participants should start by jogging or hiking at least three miles a week. However, those unwilling or unable to hike the hike can take a mule-trailing route, in which jeeps and trucks lead visitors through the most taxing areas. Trips run from the third week of September until the middle of October, and reservations must be made by mid-summer. Land costs \$1,500, and the tour group will help put together itineraries or packages. CONTACT ABOVE THE CLOUDS TREKKING, P.O. BOX 385 YUKON, MASSACHUSETTS 01966. TEL: 617-799-4499.

Strange and surprising places that test the body or soothe the soul

In the mirror your body appears encased in the shape of an oval chair, your face seems pale, from overexposure to indoor air. Then the calendar shows vacation and the body bounces and off-points bedtime use. Just as you get the shape of a chair, you adapt to a stillness through the Moroccan wilderness or take me seeing diving in a Moroccan lagoons—take me on a real adventure, do something you've never done before.



View it all from your cell, our 800-line. There's nothing there.

You won't get earth on this fitness course.

The lower decks low of the cruise ship are traditionally demarcated that guests go out on the balcony chairs at night and since in these lounge chairs by day. Mo longer. Now it's possible to take part in an apparent contradiction in terms: a fitness course. By night, guests traveling on the Norwegian Caribbean Lines' "Fit with Fun" cruiser to the Caribbean, Mexico, or the Bahamas can still ginger themselves with pilates in traffic-sparse and Grand Mariner social. Come morning, however, they can do penance. Recline Universal weight machines, stationary bikes, and mats, each ship sports a first-classing facilities, aerobics, and a variety of other fitness and spa amenities, and complimentary.

Land-based sporting activities are scheduled at points of call, allowing guests to play golf or tennis at the Virgin Islands, golf in Louisiana, or snorlel down the live oyster Bahamas island. Though traditional cruises generally draw an older crowd, the mixture of "Fit with Fun" lends to being in guests in their mid-thirties. **Grassroots** offers every week end range in price from \$975 to \$2,810 per person, double occupancy, for a seven-night trip. Three- and four-night cruises range from \$305 to \$790. **CONTACT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR CALL: MORGAN CARIBBEAN LINES, TEL: 800.352.7030.**

California Journal of Marine Science

"My first sensation was relief," said Dr. Edmund Hillary after resupplying Mount Everest, "but mixed with relief was a vague sense of apprehension." (Hillman says the make it up Hillary's treacherous Mount Reliefs will be made experiences the same sensation. Relief after a grueling week spent making the 74,500-foot-high mountain, undoubtedly at the changing twenty-acre square miles of glacial ice covering Reliefs's twin peaks. This climb, organized by

FES California-based Muscivora
Forest, is not for the
green, the weak-kneed, or the
chickadee-hater. These who
take part in the twenty-day
exhibition are expected to
have at least three years of
solid mountaineering experience
in excellent physical shape,
and have an unblemished
record through their veins.

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Kutai. Then sit on helicopters
for a ride to the base camp set
up in the wild Khatanga region of
the Siberian tundra. After a day trip
to get supplies in place, it's up
the steep face of Mount Belukha
24,000 feet later visitors descend

A two-day hike through Alouette Pass, followed by five days of wilderness backpacking to Lake Umbagog, Maine, returns hikers. Hikes are given a day to night-one in Moose.

This year's trip will run from July 24 to August 8. The cost from Moose, including services, is \$2,175. For the transportation, Mountain Travel offers sliding scales to Fawn, Moose and Umbagog. They also have a cross-country route from Moose to the Soviet Caucasus. CONTACT MOUNTAIN TRAVEL, 1335 SHELTON AVENUE, ALBANY, CALIFORNIA 94706, TEL. 415-557-0300.



Replicas of
the shipwreck's
founder have this
note on the bottom

gambler. Armand the Jack sleeps at night with his hands were for New Guinea actor Rick Brown took, though, in his jungle in-day trips. Armand, on used by ex-1967

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA **PARSONS** knows the backwaters of the Amazon as the way Sam Sade knew the back alleys of San Francisco. The Provençal-born actor's two most famous characters were for Michael Rockefeller in the New Guinea war films and for television actor Erik (Rowland) Fleming in an Amazonian tributary. Gamalizing a spotty work, though, so these days Parsons uses his jungle know-how to lead fourteen-day trips through the remote Peruvian Amazon on replicas of the Rio Tinto raft used by explorer Yuri Heyerdahl in his famed 1947 voyage from Peru to Tibet.

The *Adorno* adventure starts with a plane trip from Miami to Lima, then a short leg to a smaller airport. From there, it's a three-hour Land Rover trip up the jungle. After a hike through the towering wall, attendees hoisted their rucks on an Amazonian tributary in the jungle town of Uchire. From there, the trip continued to Utiapaco, a small town on the banks of Utiapaco to visit the river's currents, hold seminars. During the trip, passengers spent hours on horseback along the river, thatched roofs and eat family-style meals served by the English-speaking crew. Along the way, frequent stops are made for fishing, hunting, and talking with the natives. The voyage ends at Iquitos, the main Amazonian port in Peru, where a private jet flies attendees to Miami. A flight that cost attendees less than \$1,000. The secrets of Joe Adorno and his unending...

Departures are scheduled for May 21 and September 17. Cost—including airfare from Miami, meals, raft trip, and ground transportation—is \$1,650. Flies L.A., \$1,850; from New York or Washington, \$1,800. FOR MORE INFORMATION, CONTACT SOROK EXPEDITIONS, ANGELS CAMP, CALIFORNIA 95322. TEL: 209-736-4723.

for May 20 including air trip, and \$400. Focus on Wash-
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Be sure to sit near a window so you can see all the stunning sights on Japan's Transoceanic.

THE INCREDIBLE HULKS

In 1976 Heisei Kasegawa was quoted by a fellow Meisan adviser on the life of Meisan. "There are only twenty thousand people out there," said Dr. K., "so who gives a damn?" Well, besides the Meisanists, there is at least one other group that cares deeply about the 2,100 tiny tropical islands scattered across more than three million square miles at the Western Pacific. To Meisan divers, Meisan is not just a name; it's a place in the world for challenging, crystal-clear underwater explorations.

The prime diving area is Truk Lagoon, site of one of the most gruesome sea battles of World War II. During one two-day period in 1944, American fighter planes sank sixty-four Japanese ships in Truk's spectacular harbor. For experienced divers, these twisted metal hulks, covered with coral and clouds of tropical fish, are well worth the hassle of getting out to the remote islands. Among the travel services that transport divers to the wrecks is Sea and Sea, whose week-and-a-half Meisanian trip includes seven days of sea-coasting through the famed aircraft carriers, submarines, and numerous ships of Hiroshima's doomed navy.

This is not a good place to learn how to dive—you should be certified, and aware that the nearest decompression facilities are about seven hundred miles away. Every diver should come equipped with a mask, snorkel, fins, gloves, knife, regulator, buoyancy compensator, and scuba gear. The trip, scheduled for July 3-14 and August 21-September 5, costs \$1,905, including airfare from Hawaii. Special arrangements can also be made for personalized group trips throughout the year. CONTACT SEA AND SEA TRAVEL, 600 BAY STREET, SUITE 300, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA 94109. TEL: 415-775-0077.

THE TRAIN IN SPAIN



OF ALL HOLIDAY TRAVEL, which is the most thrilling? The answer? Our vote goes to this description of a day's adventure in Spain from The Sun Also Rises: "We're going boat-fishing in the Irati River, and we're going to get tight now at lunch on the wine of the country, and then take a train bus ride."

A swell bus ride? Where in Spain, or anywhere else for that matter, can you take a swell bus ride? These days, a swell train ride through Spain is the way to go. Last year a new tourist train service was inaugurated in the north of the country. On the Transoceanic, passengers experience the pleasure of riding atop an old-time, narrow-gauge railway through beautiful, remote areas inaccessible by conventional trains. Passengers can ride along the rails for 425 miles, from León, through the Bay of Biscay, along the rocky Cantabrian coast, to El Pardo in the far northwest of Spain. Or, if they prefer, they can take day trips by way of a motorcade following the trail to spots such as the ancient pilgrim trail to Santiago.

But the scenery is only part of what makes this trip—part of the adventure in the train itself. The Transoceanic is made up of eight antique cars that sleep forty-eight in two-bedded compartments. Live music is played in the bar-lounge on every night, while a couple of other cars are reserved for writing, card playing, and watching TV. There's a library onboard, as well as a hi-fi system. The train, which departs León one Saturday and El Pardo the next, on a regular schedule from June 1 through September 26, costs \$1,519 and up per person, double occupancy, including all meals, accommodations, night camp, and round-trip airfare from New York or Miami. CONTACT MARENGO INTERNA, TEXAS TRAVEL, 300 EAST FORTY SECOND STREET, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10013. TEL: (IN NEW YORK) 212-681-4985, (TOLL-FREE) 800-321-6114.



Bring a camera: the mountains are full of surprises.

YOU TAKE THE HIGH ROAD

IF YOU'RE SCOTTISH, you like. Fast. And often. Up the Highlands, through the islands, from infancy to adolescence. Half walking it's called, over terrain so varied that one guidebook refers to it as "acholophony." Visitors can easily arrange their own self-guided hikes—trails at local tourist centers will even provide detailed instructions on the order of "entrance" to glens in a small house opposite telephone kiosk in Strath Village. "One of the best trails is through the Isle of Arran, easily reachable from Glasgow. From there you can choose to head north, through miles of craggy Highland hills, and in the south, where the land heats up enough to support an occasional pine tree. Trackers can also try a three-hour climb to see the loch of Corne on Lochm, or hike the route to Benckie Castle, a six-hundred-year-old fortress surrounded by elegant eighteenth-century style gardens."

Visitors to the western Highlands may want to book a spot on Heritage Treasures' six-day, fifty-mile trek taking route. The challenge of walking takes guests through the lowlands of Loch Lomond, the mountains of Angli and the moorland of Ben Nevis. At night, the twenty-one-strong group of hikers stays in first-class hotels along the route. The Heritage trip, which costs \$628-\$777 per person, double occupancy, plus airfare, runs May 23-28 and September 23-24. High summer brings the best weather and largest crowds, so those going to Scotland in August during June, July, or August should book hotels well in advance. For information on self-guided walks through Arran, contact Isle of Arran Tourist Board, Tourist Information Centre, Brodick, Isle of Arran KA27 8AL; (IN 011-44 0783-2191). For the Heritage trip, CONTACT THE HERITAGE TRAVEL, 100 EAST FORTY SECOND STREET, SUITE 202, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10013. TEL: 212-685-7700.

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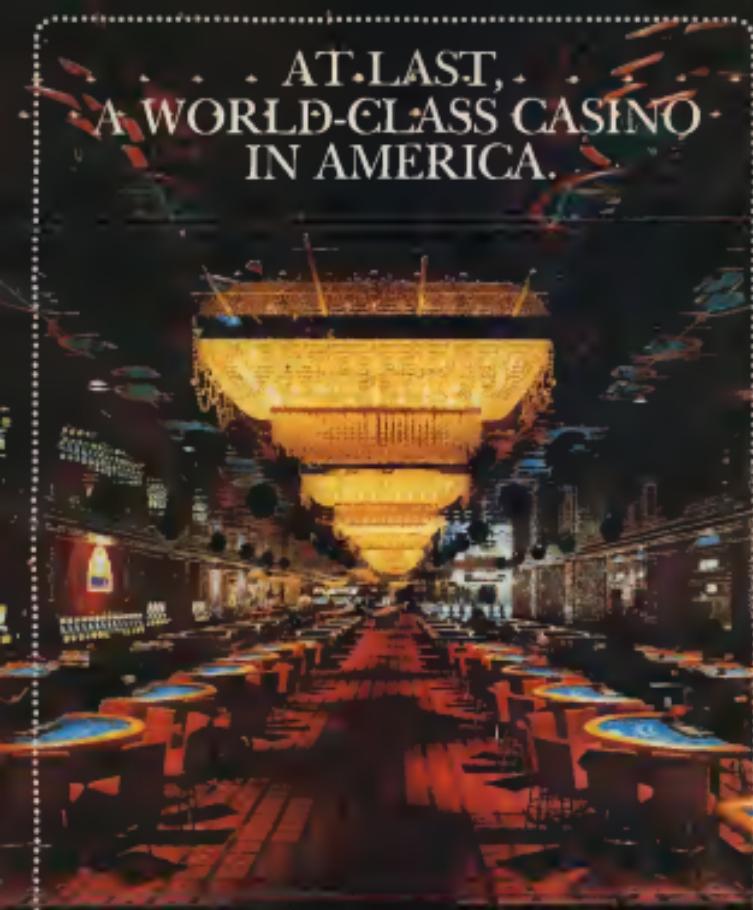
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THE GALLOPING GOURMET

Asa Gray asserted great wisdom—"Genius is lost, and man deludes his brain to get rid of them. Today, scientists castrate, right off the top, great-white species as soon as they are discovered. But it is not too late to get a nonmammalian peak at the world's largest animals. And parrots on International Expeditions' journey first landed. Another sailing ship will not be coming past any wharves as they cruise between Vancouver Island and British Columbia. On ten day voyages through Canada's Ribbon Sea, these passengers will chart the world's largest concentrations of the land-dwelling of the land: the killer mammal of all, the *Grampus griseus*, or the sperm whale.

The trip, which runs from August 28 to September 8, costs \$2,395, all-inclusive, from Vancouver. CONTACT INTERNATIONAL EXPEDITIONS, SUITE 304, 1718 INDEPENDENCE COURT, BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA 35202. Tel. 334-631-4790.

Wine was not too popular in the early-50s either. Luce's Ambrose Bierce is called "The connoisseur in a world on what the Butler Cowley is to Ireland, T. Boone Pickens is to corporate take-over, and if J.R. Ring is to evil. It is the biggest, the meanest, the all-around meanest—ambitions that swirl at all out of place in a state with a larger gross national product than either Australia or Brazil's. Inside, the Luce's Ambrose seems are dominated by mass and malgreance. To achieve business are minglings with massive flows of high prices. However, the most distinguished

features of the hotel is the Norwalk, one of the largest sports centers and spas in the country. Facilities include an 18-hole tennis center, eight racquetball courts, a full weight room, an outdoor pool, and an indoor lap pool with underwater music. There's an indoor track, an outdoor track, and staff doctors ready to take your pulse or offer a fitness evaluation. Basketball, heavy make-over sessions, need we go on?

Guests who don't use the Fernside's facilities can stay at the Low's double for a decreased rate, but why mean the opportunity to take advantage of the hotel's special rates?

packages" for, dubbed "Beethoven's Basement," is a three-day program with unlimited use of facilities, flower classes, and the resident massage.

Another program is a three-day racket sports clinic with daily lessons, supervised play, and full use of the Venard's equipment. Healthy Rooms costs \$185, double occupancy, for three nights, the Racquet Sports Clinic is \$445. CONTACT LEO'S ANATHEA HOTEL, 2201 STEMMING FREEMAN, DALLAS, TEXAS 75207, TEL.: 214-741-1700.



BAITING IN BAYOU

"My big rig must be somewhere," lamented the lonely protagonist in Flannery's *The Old Man and the Sea*. He should have headed to the Bayou, a group of stands where his cousin found the inspiration for the tale of a scolded fisherman searching for grace against the elements. There, fifty miles off the coast of Florida, the old man would have found some of the world's best big-game fishing. In the morning, he could go for moralistic sea-lutefish, blue marlin, snout, and liverfish. At night, he could tussle with the boy at the Bimini Big Game Fishing Club.

The club houses sport a hundred in double rooms, cottages, and several guesthouse apartments. The accommodations are Spartan but comfortable, and facilities are available for tennis and swimming. Guests, however, don't come here to slumber or work in their backyards. They come here to fish—either alone, or on a boat piloted by the expert island guides, or competitively in one of the island's world-famous singing contests. Still, no trip would be complete without a pilgrimage to at least one island site—the nearby Palmhaven's Hall of Fame.

Visitors should remember that even though the weather stays warm during the summer off-season, hurricane do begin hitting from mid-July to November. Summer rates at the Bimini Big Game Fishing Club are \$68 for a double room, \$98 for a cottage, and \$195 for a penthouse apartment. Deep-sea fishing trips cost \$400-\$600 a day for a crewed charter. CONTACT: BIMINI BIG GAME FISHING CLUB, P.O. BOX 988, Bimini, Bahamas, TEL: 809-347-2225. OR CALL: BAHAMAS BASED RESERVATIONS SERVICE AT 202-445-7420.



Picture this: a photo contest in Texas.

SHOOTING THE RAPIDS

Flowing down this river in Texas is the Bend National Park, you find like you've been tossed into a *Viper*-Master reel. Overhead by racing program bikers, to the right and left are blowing canyons and sheer box canyons with 1,500-foot-high limestone walls. Underneath flows the legendary Rio Grande, the nearest big city is 329 miles away. Kind of makes you wish you knew how to take still live nature pictures, eh? Well, there is a way. For Phang Adventures, a private big-brother outfit, now colors in both beginning and advanced photographers with special three- and five-day photo workshops that float shuttles through the most scenic parts of the Rio Grande.

Resident experts, who have photographed the area for years, guide guests past Santa Elena, the Big Bend river's most popular canyon. Here the river flows lazily along until it reaches the Rockslide, where wild water plunges the mile between house-size landforms. Among the other unmissable sites is Mariscal Canyon, where the river shrinks to a width of an inch at the Tight Squeeze Rapids. The Chisos Mountains, Chisos Mountains, and Sierra del Carmen mountains also float into centers range as the winds take a nap down the river.

A party shuttle is featured on board with fine cooking and generous pangs of margaritas. Data for the photo workshops have not yet been decided, but the cost will run around \$218-\$235 for a three-day trip and \$350 for a five-day one. Guests need bring only eating utensils and sleeping bags. CONTACT: PHANG ADVENTURES, P.O. BOX 32, TIERLINGUA, TEXAS 79624, TEL: 915-371-3498.



Northern Interior: Outer stream meanders.

CANOE CANOE

ROCKMOUNTAINEERING was never so Ned Eady in *Johnny-on-the-spot*. Not only was he unable to white-water canoe—but also wasn't very good at handling stress. For problems number one he should have gone to the Numbata Outdoor Center near Bryson City, North Carolina, the Center of white-water canoe schools. As a matter of fact, he wouldn't have had to go anywhere else to learn how to deal with stress. Conveniently for Ned, NOC's latest offering is a five-day course combining the basics of white-water canoeing and stress management. The idea is first to create stress by mastering a difficult new skill, then reduce it with a number of practical relaxation techniques. When done, students will know how to get through white-water rapids—and stressors out.

The course, taught by a team of NOC instructors that includes four health professionals and three clinical psychologists, begins with a series of tests to determine the amount of stress in a participant's daily life. During the next four days, hard-core white-water practice is mixed with exercises in deep breathing, visualization, self-hypnosis, and thought stopping. The course, aimed at business people and professionals, is scheduled for June 29-30 and September 2-4. Regular classes cost \$500. Participants are lodged in comfortable cabins on the NOC campus and need bring only personal items, plus plastic "jelly" shoes for the white-water training. CONTACT: NANCY HANSON, NORTHERN OUTDOOR CENTER, P.O. BOX 401, BRYSON CITY, NORTH CAROLINA 28717, TEL: 704-438-3175 OR 704-488-8393.

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Lohan lives
out on O.H.
Lawrence in
New Mexico
Desert.

AYE, THERE'S THE TUB

ONLY ONCE a year, America and political radical Melvyn Douglas Lohan (baptist D. H. Lawrence) a New Mexico ranch. An Lohan put it, she was determined to "reduce his spirit" by making Lawrence as comfortable as possible. "The nearest way to the end," she explained, "is through the flesh." Though Lohan is long gone, her sentiments live on in New Mexico at the Ten Thousand Waves Japanese bathhouse. There, up in the foothills outside Santa Fe, guests indulge the flesh with hot tubs, cedar-sage steam and luxurious, full-body Swedish or Chinese massages administered by expert practitioners.

After donning the sauna steps up the hills toward the Ten Thousand Waves bathhouse, patrons are issued cotton bromides and sandals. From there, it's to the communal, open-air, co-ed tubs for as long as they desire. Most guests drift blissfully from the tub to the cold plunge. To the massage tables, then up to the reception table. For some, herbs are red petals, then back again to the tub. Smaller tubs are also available for couples and private parties.

The bathhouse opens year-round, operates during the summer between 10:30 a.m. and 10:30 p.m. on weekdays, 2:00 p.m. and midnight on weekends. Best time to go during the night, when the air is crisp and the sunset sky streaks full of blazing stars. The public tub is 38-50, while private tubs are \$35-50 per person per hour. Messages run \$25-50, plus tip. Google it soon for the week can get a \$150 membership, which entitles them to split an full-body massage and provides use of the public tub. CONTACT TEN THOUSAND WAVES, P.O. BOX 410, SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO 87502 TEL: 505-882-8304



Large into Dublin on a trip down the Thames.

BARDING ON THE THAMES

EVAN BERNARD TRAVEL brochures sound like scripts for Austin Cooke. Take, for example, this opening description of a three-day barge trip down the Thames: "Known as the 'Queen's Highway,' the River Thames meanders its way through beautiful meadows and lush green countryside full of unusual and typically English beauty. 'Missenger' Vacation? According to those who have been there, it is. One will learn the river on board Floating Through Europe's hand-drawn boat. Begun at Henley-on-Thames, site of the famous Henley Regatta. Along the route to Stratford-upon-Avon, the twelve guests on the famous Dutch Barge enjoy historic sites, pub-crawl in medieval Tudor villages, and dine on fine cooking served up by a team of expert catering college graduates. Their lavish dinner course at four courses which include roast beef, lamb, fresh market vegetables, and fish smoking potatoes. The boat frequently docks for sight-seeing excursions to such spots as Oxford and English Lake waterparks for all. The most dependable weather is in the summer, but guests will see some 44 scenery any time from June through August. The three-day trip includes \$100 per person, double occupancy. FTE also runs six-day trips on the Arctar from Henley-on-Thames, Windsor, and Oxford. CONTACT FLOTTING THROUGH EUROPE, 271 MANHATTAN AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10019 TEL: 212-655-9600

THE MTIME TRAVELER

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DATE 27	4. Greece: Athens, Mykonos, Santorini
DATE 28	5. Turkey: Istanbul, Cappadocia, Ephesus
DATE 29	6. Egypt: Cairo, Luxor, Aswan
DATE 30	7. Jordan: Amman, Petra, Dead Sea
DATE 31	8. Israel: Jerusalem, Tel Aviv, Haifa
DATE 32	9. Cyprus: Nicosia, Larnaca, Paphos
DATE 33	10. Greece: Athens, Mykonos, Santorini



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Those searching for serenity are still welcome at the World Monastery, which offers five-day and weekend retreats for men of any or no denominations. The Abbey, tucked in the Kentucky woods thirty-five miles south of Louisville and opposite Bardonia, treats its visitors with simple meals, simple rooms, and the quiet to ponder the expeditious. Visitors divide their time between reading, writing in the library, conversing with and attending optional seven-day-a-day services.

Mons. are served continuously at the guesthouse during noon and tea frequently accompanied by reading, music or car-songs of Morton's lectures. Visitors—30 percent non-Catholic—come from all parts of the country for the first and oldest the monastery abbey. Between, which are scheduled for Monday-Friday or Friday-Monday throughout the year, may leave be appreciated during Morton's beautiful spring and fall. Since the guesthouse is usually booked solid, reservations should be made at least a month in advance. There is no set residence fee; guests donate according to their means. FOR MORE INFORMATION WRITE OR CALL ABBEY OF GEDDESHAM, TRAPPIST, NEW YORK 10019 TEL: 609-669-3117

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DATeline: EUROPE

A Biased Baedeker to the Season's Best

by Carol and Neil Offen

You can, of course, do the Grand Tour quite well by just sitting around the nearest café, pub, tourist canteen, or Alsatian drinking up the atmosphere. But these days, look what you might miss: Europe. Don't settle for conventional info. Instead, start here with a very unique selection of where to go and what to do for the next six months.

APRIL

The fact is, April in Paris has been hyped by newspapers who were never east of the first river and didn't know about the rain and the cold. A P in Paris is a time for restaurants, museums, and other indoor pleasures, not if you want to stay outside, head south. Go to the warm heart of Andalusia, to Seville, where the Feria de Abril (April 23-29) will give the city out. Seville will still be hot from its Holy Week celebrations, perhaps the most extravagant in Catholic Spain, which is saying something.

The April Fair has no religious excuse—it started over a century ago as a livestock exhibition—so it's more a time for pleasures of the flesh than elevation of the spirit. There are occasions round-the-clock fireworks, cockfights of bravely decorated half-bred horses, coaches, and carriages in red and black-browned livery. And, of course, there's that ultimate Spanish pleasure of the drink, the bullfight. The best contrasts are in the Plaza de la Maestranza, the Yaguez Stadium of bullfighting. To the tiny basque of a small band, the audience or the feast in their traditional way, as well, one supposes, the bull.

MAY

Flower, obviously, is art the impossible. David, the Uffizi, the Duomo—not to mention all these palaces gathering pigeons. It is in addition to all that, it wanted to be more, it would want that. Flaminio could study nature itself with the occasional young garden master. But Flaminio's Museum May, which also fits all of June (April 30-June 30), is one of the finest classical music festivals in Europe. Almost every day there is a concert, a major concert, or a classical ballet performance. The season of the usual Italian (Pavarotti and Verdi) have recently been featured, but there's also space for northerners such as Wagner. Performances are held at several theaters as well as in the courtyard of the Pitti Palace, where you'll be surrounded by Tintoretto and Raphael.

You can order tickets by mail now, or wait and try your luck up to an hour before

performance. Write to Teatro Comunale, Corso Italia 16, Firenze 50123.

In Paris the French Open (as, at the national call, Roland Garros, after the stadium) is used to be a national tournament in tennis only—no Frenchmen had won it since 1946. For Americans it was an event to avoid, taking place on slow mid-day grassland where generations of semi-idle soldiers had been involved with. But then a Frenchman, Yannick Noah, finally won in 1983, with the American jumping at his heels. Now Jean-Paul Belmondo sits in the front row, and the tournament (May 27-June 9) is almost as big and as fashionable as next month's Wimbledon. Not only are tickets often in short, but the kind's better.

JUNE

Stately, plump Jack MacGowan and the leaner, sharper David Bowie are to be seen to drink a toast to their mutual desire, a point, but anyone who wants to leave Leopold Bloom's modern odyssey should be in Dublin as the Dubliner (June 10). Other balls will be gathering there to review films and to discuss the weather, and by the time they finish some thirty-thousand laterally-stay put visits tend to slow any advance, they'll have given you the most minute of looks at James Joyce's Dublin.

The odyssey naturally includes "not, making public houses," like David Byrne's job on David Byrne's job at number 7, 7000 Street, you can see Number 7. Don't start inside the Bailey just across the road.

Ask the Dublin tourist office how to join the Japanese. If you can't make it there on Wednesday, you can try the tour yourself with an official Japanese trip in hand. Will you enjoy it even if you never get past a Phrasal of the Auld as a Young Man? Yes we say you will like it.

If you love the idea of a romantic sunset but about the reality of dragging yourself out of bed to see it, Scandinavia at Midsummer (June 24) is the place for you. After those long, dark, sleepless nights

winter months, you can bet that a midnight sunrise gives everyone here a glow.

The best celebrations of this magical night, when the sun reaches its apex in the northern hemisphere and dusk and dawn merge, are in northern towns like Oulu, Finland (where Midsummer Eve is celebrated on June 21), Luleå, Sweden, or two nights later, Bergen, Norway.

Each country adds its own touches, but the all-purpose Midsummer celebration includes huge bonfires (to banish evil spirits), music, outdoor dancing (with traditional Swedish folk dancing in Oulu). Flasks light a guest for a play in a midnight golf tournament, or as to a midnight night in Sweden, the village of Leksand has a particularly colorful tradition: dancing around a tall, scaffolded maypole, to the accompaniment of fire-bell music. And in the Norwegian capital of Bergen, dancers top off a week of festivities with a spectacular stay-at-home bonfire that lights up the shoreline.

As the Bard said, this is the time to celebrate your Midsummer Night's



Midsummer night's dance in Luleå, Sweden.

dreams—try a midnight and a hike. Do anything except sleep. You'll have all winter for that.

Walking up those thin, creaky steps, everything seems so normal, almost banal, including the Stars and Stripes you always expected. Then, behind the false backdrop is the solemnity, or "secret anarchy"—and suddenly the very nomenclature itself shocks and brings tears.

It has been forty years since Anne Frank hid the seven people she lived with with war taken from this tiny hideout on Bergen-Belsen. To commemorate the anniversary of her death, there will be a major exhibit

tion (June 12–September 3) at Amsterdam's Westerkerk, just down the Prinsengracht from the Anne Frank House. Through photos, documents, and films, the exhibition will trace the history not only of the Frank family, but of other Jews and gentiles caught in Frankfurt from 1928 to 1933 and Austrians from 1933 to 1945.

The exhibit opens at Anne Frank's birthplace. She would have been fifty-six.

Once upon a time, near a dense, magical forest in a land now called Germany, there lived two young brothers. Despite their grand family name, they had no noble pedigree and enjoyed being, in essence, taken. When they grew up, the brothers Grimm, as they came to be known, collected all the stories they'd heard to entertain other children throughout the world.

It's been two hundred years since Jakob and Wilhelm Grimm were born in yeast spots, but at the National German Brothers Exhibition in Kassel, Germany (June 1–September 30), the dynamic duo lives happily ever after. The exhibition documents where they got their demons, tales and what license they took with them. Little Red Riding Hood wasn't always so lucky, you know.

The Kassel exhibition looks off a one-year tribute to the brothers that includes the Steppen Playable Festival (June 28–July 7), a day-of-madness competition, and colorful parades with elaborate costumes throughout the Grimm's native central Germany. Once there, check out the medieval night called *Sünden im Spiegel*—it's just as it sounds. The tales of *Jack and Stepping Beauty* don't mean the Salzburg candle, Red Riding Hood groups should check out the area around Schwandorf and Alsdorf.

JULY

While the rest of Provence, France, vibrates to the sounds of outdoor opera, theater, and dance, one corner turns to the more delicate beat of clucking chickens. Audé's annual *Brocanzas*, *Inter-nationales de la Photographie et du Café de la cuisine de photographie festival*, the main week runs July 5–11, but the workshops continue through July 29 and subside last week of the end of September.

Then in Van Gogh's native Belgium, take about, after *Brokanzas*, one blossomed seedling. The difference is that today's Van Gogh has wide-angle lenses and lead-lined film bags. They'll come to

Antwerp for the tripartite workshops on every imaginable aspect of photography, taught by artist Joe Arrows. Newcomer and twenty-fourth director Lucien Clergue RIP will also feature twenty different exhibitions, including a comprehensive showing of photographs by David Hockney, who'll be present to discuss his work. There will also be an "all" festival of shows, films, talks, and city squares by lesser-known photogra-

phers trying to get into the picture. Applications for workshops (one-day, three-day, and one-week) should be made by July 15. Write to RJP, rue des Arènes, B.P. 90, 13632 Arles Cedex, France.

Most well-known festivals seem to have long since forgotten their original premise—a bus, metaphorical or toiling at, and music to the masses. As they've grown, they've usually priced themselves out of most pocketbooks. But the Copenhagen Jazz Festival (July 5–14) seems to know what festivals should be all about. It literally takes to the streets every day, with excellent afternoon jazz parties down the winding Strøget, Copenhagen's main shopping street. (Did you ever wish downplay for Danish porcelain to a line heavy backwash? Some 80 percent of the concerts, by top international ensembles, are outdoor liveables, while the rest are held in a smorgasbord of excellent jazz clubs.

The festival keeps the city jumping, with restaurants and cafes that don't normally feature jazz picking up the tempo. The Old Town's main squares—like the twelfth-century marketplace, *Gammeltorv*—become stages for the likes of Dray Gillespie, Art Blakey, and Freddie Hubbard.

But, the skeptic may ask, about roast pork? We are so used to it in Sweden in Denmark, says the festival director, "that it has to be my last to taste."

On an empty square facing the boiling there's a small picnic dedicated to the man who made this town famous. It's called *Pumpkin*, Spain, however, no longer mass democracy out of the place, as *Jaiko* and *Gala* see it when they arrived by manzanilla from Japan. Today it's an annual festival, July 10–14.

Set, just as they did in the Twentieth, American magazines in Paris, as well as thousands of others, come to Pamplona's San Fermín Festival (July 6–14) for the running of the bulls. And as a Hispanic day, the fiesta will "explode" with a riotous feast from the town hall balcony. Then each morning of the celebration the bulls race through the streets—these days past the *San Fermín* and the *San Fermín* *Credito*—in the bullring, where they'll fight off spectators and bullfighting tourists, as well as bulls dressed in the traditional white with red bandanas around their necks and waists, run beside them, guiding them on.

The spectators who know who haven't missed a Pamplona run go for the traditional drink, *cherry*, and twenty-four-hour partying. They're no longer run. At their age, they have no reason to become the new last generation.

Europe has some four hundred summer jazz festivals. The majority club, not primarily, only jazz—usually with the

same big-name Americans brought in to play a few sets before moving on to the other leg festivals. It's a game of musical roulette, with artists' careers placed at a couple of local plays.

Belle (epique) Montreux, Switzerland, is different, because its Festival International de Jazz (July 7–21) often runs from the jazz capital. In addition to the big jazz names, Montreux has rock, jazz, pop, reggae, African tribal choirs, even disco. The atmosphere changes nightly in the town's atmosphere like that of Montreux. When George Benson plays with Nat Aschberg, the charts are in jazz even years, so everybody can see and hear. But when it's Manu Dibango and Nguena chief Eliezer Oke, the charts go and the room is ready for some hot and sweaty dancing. As Dray Gillespie once said, you feel like a two-headed man in a fish store. Information and tickets from Montreux Tourist Office, P.O. Box 97, CH 1020, Montreux, Switzerland.

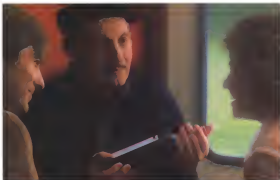
We used to think France's *14 de juillet* was basically a Fourth of July with a different flag. And while it's true that there are fireworks on July 14, we've discovered that the best parts of Bastille Day are the public life on the streets, the night before. That's when all classes of Frenchmen join together in one moment of unbridled celebration.

We still find comedy in the shoes we wore one year in Paris's most famous bar, patronized by the Communist Party, on the St. Louis. We don't go for hours to the music of a few more bars—with one or other and with strangers, in drunken groups.

In almost every small town, a local band will play a mix of Top Forty tunes and wedding, with men for equally absurd costumes. Because everyone dresses in one color and with strangers, in drunken groups.

All right, you missed the Olympics. You were devastated. But did they have half? *Panama's Petanque*! London's World Games 1986 (July 25–August 4) do. Also held every four years in different countries, the World Games are the top-level competition for all athletes and all-arounders, including sports like *petanque*, that aren't part of the Olympic movement. That's a total of thirty-seven federations, and twenty-four of them will have competitors here, ranging from field archery to water polo.

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persons put both feet into a tin claw foot long, breathe through a snorkel, and then rise up and breathe natural?

For tickets and information, write to: World Gardens, West Nally Limited, Berkeley Square House, 12 Berkeley Square, London W1X 6NG

AUGUST

The Edinburgh Festival (August 11-21) is to other arts fests what Ring Circus is to [Foddy Mugs] baggy, broader, louder, more low on its chest. Edinburgh is a festival of festivals: there is the main festival, the even bigger Fringe Festival, the jazz festival, an international film festival, a television festival, and a huge military tattoo. Not to mention fireworks, cabaret, a cavalcade, and so on.

The festival proper offers classical music, opera, dance, and theater, with groups like last year's Berliners Ensemble and the Royal Philharmonic, and performers like Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and Cio Lucie among Shakespeare. The festival proper—that is, the Fringe—offers an incredible five hundred thousand tickets for more than three hundred different productions of poetry readings, music, vaudeville and children's theater, even some classical stuff.

Because of the sheer number of festivals and productions, regular folk who don't just drink in advance but actually get seats here. The main festival is just getting its brochure out about now, in fact. Write to 21 Market Street, Edinburgh EH1 1BN. For the Fringe, write to 170 High Street, Edinburgh EH1 1JL, but it'll be July before they've put it together.

SEPTEMBER

The first time you get off at the central train station, with the Grand Canal lapping at the foot of the steps, all you can think of is what incredible coincidence those guys had they built the damn city on water. It all seems out of joint with the pragmatic twentieth century. Everyone at Venice, not just the occasional gonklike driver, should be a Renaissance dandy.

That fantasy taken on a bit of flesh on September 1, when the Venetians held their annual Regata Storica. The day begins with a Grand Canal procession of elaborately decorated barges and water skiffs, manned by Venetians in rich sixteenth-century costume. What follows is a series of canal races for gondolas and their crews, the gondoliers and the caudex.

All the boats come out to watch in their boats, but if you're not lucky enough to know a skipper, you can buy tickets to watch from positions along the route. If you get stuck early, you can skip the races and watch the land-based jazz and classical concerts that are part of the celebration.

While Dr. H. Lawrence—an Irish—is acts

ally based in the Scottish Fringe, his spirit remains very much alive north of London in his native Nottinghamshire. Some of the area and lovers of Lawrence have already erected such predictable shrines as a Lawrence Birthplace Museum, but the ambitious celebration planned for the centenary of his birth transcends literary (if not) sex boundaries.

In addition to the usual symposium of scholars gathered to discuss, say, "Dr. H. Lawrence and Japanese Religious Consciousness," Nottinghamshire's D.H.L. Literary Festival (September 2-24) has theater, dance, music, film, poetry, over-looked. There will be several promenade plays drawn from Lawrence's life and works, a number of Lawrence films and TV productions, performance of a suite of Lawrence's poems set to music by Anthony Burgess, and dance programs created for the festival. If you still haven't had your fill of Lawrence, try the Lawrence Project, featuring traditional local drama from his day. And, of course, local residents have been completely overwhelmed by the local brewery in holding a special centenary ale with a festival label.

The last time we were in Munich wasn't in October, as most Septemberers, when Oktoberfest (September 22-October 6) actually begins. Nevertheless, we spent our time much in everybody else's done drinking beer. The Germans drink more beer than anyone, and the Bavarians more than any other Germans.

It would be difficult, then, to imagine everyone in Munich drinking more, but during the riotous days and nights of Oktoberfest, it happens.

On Theresa's Meadow, where local brewers set up their beer gardens under giant tents, more than 150,000 to go are tapped, all to celebrate the wedding of Crown Prince Ludwig to Princess Theresa von Sachsen-Erbach-Gumburg. Even if you never knew the happy couple, you can drink to their 15th anniversary, which parallels, later to the ubiquitous couple's heads, set an endless variety of soups, and drink some more. Maybe you'll be able to track your way apologetically through the maze of local beers, from Augustiner to Spaten-Franziskaner. We only wish it were to Loversburg, by which time we were even pronouncing it correctly. Jawsbury.

If you've been looking here for information on either the Bayreuth or Salzburg music festivals, we have confirmation and bad news. First, the bad: you're already about five months too late to scratch any real hopes of getting seats for all but an obscure leader or a few soloists. The good news, however, is that you can still beat the deadlines for next year: November 15 for Bayreuth, January 7 for Salzburg.

CAROL and PAUL GUTTEN are free-lance writers living in France.

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See Reader Service Card on page 54 of The August Traveler

by Alan Furst

The Hound and the Fury

Playing the gentleman hunter on Scotland's misty moors

NOVEMBER IN SCOTLAND: down on the Borders—soft, rolling hills at the southern edge of the country. It's windy here, rain blowing in hard from the North Sea, leaves falling across the road. All the way down from Edinburgh the car speeds up great patches of brown water as we wheel along in the left lane. Well, sometimes the left lane. I forget about British driving—and about the British gearbox on my left-hand side. Every time I go to shift with my right hand I get a hassle. I am, at last, after so many years of mad insanity, a true scouse.

At the end of a long country lane, past oak and beech and English yew, at Salsburgh House, a massive gray-brick Victorian country house. Actually, Salsburgh is a hotel, but I hesitate to call it that because it can't like any hotel I ever stayed at. It's all leather chairs, copies of *Horse and Hound* next to ornate furniture, framed trout on the painted walls, antler-headed regiments of British racing bloodhounds, and boxes of split pine loaches. I had a Scotch in the library, sitting in a hot, comfortable chair by the fire and another. You know those movies that start with some English lad asleep in a chair at his club? Well.

I took to a great commotion in the hall. A party of gray-haired gentlemen had come in out of the rain. Several dead pheasants are draped on the floor, the assistant manager offers congratulations, guns are taken away to be locked up in the gun room. Scotchies—the Famous Grouse—are emptied all around, seat, "as it comes," and chairs are pulled up to the fireplace. A wet springer spaniel trots in, carefully positions herself between humans and fire, and quickly falls to snooze.

I look up from my *Cowboy Life*—casual for solo—and see good afternoon. A distinguished gentleman in his fifties, with those stiff wings of gray-black hair above the ears peering in the breeze, looks me over before offering a response.

ALAN FURST's last story for *Entire*, in December 1984, was a profile of John and Sandy Fonda.

"Cage up for the fishing, have you?"

"No."

"For the shooting, then."

"No. For the deerhound coming."

"What, now?"

"No, no. Up on the moors, in a few days."

"Oh. Well, you've come way to go," he says, staring out the window at the rain blowing sideways. He is wearing tweed plus fours, this English gentleman, and he has been hard abouting in it.

If he were fishing, he would be wearing a fishing tie. The buildings of this property include fishing grounds on the Tweed and Tiviot rivers—some of the oldest, finest salmon fishing rivers in the world. And they are snipped, and named, every foot of the way. You can try your luck at Sedge Pond, Lang Pond, or Wash Pond, Cuddy's Cast, Bloody Berries, Upper Habbies, or Lower Westies.

That's not, alas, my culture. I live in the Pacific Northwest—the fabled shirt country, corduroyland. A week ago I didn't know any of this still-eisted, it's like visiting a nineteenth-century novel. In the meantime, Lord Henry went up to Scotland for the shooting.

The duke and duchess of Roxburghe, who own Dunrobin, live just up the road at Floors Castle—the same castle used in the movie *Greystoke*. It strikes me that the duke is still practicing his gentlemanly trade, people come up to his country house for a feast, catch his salmon, shoot his birds, and drink up his claret. The difference being that if no longer suffices to be a lord of his wife's cousin—you must now pay his Lordship for the privilege.

IN GLAD I had something to tell this English gentleman—I am here with my wife, Karen, for the deerhound's coming and

currently enough, that is my culture. Two years ago our Irish wolfhound died and we replaced him with a Scottish deerhound. Once you own a sight hound—Afghan, Borzoi, Saluki, greyhound, and whippet are some of the others—you are addicted for life. A good Scottish deerhound stands thirty-two inches high at the shoulder, weighs 110 pounds. It can, and does, stand on its hind legs, put its paws on your shoulder, and stare intently into your eyes. It has a hard scottish cast, a beard, a ruff, all of it charcoal and gray, with silver and rust highlights.

We expected the deerhound primarily to mow or less follow the wild-birded deerhound big, dreamy house pet, gruff back but a good at heart.

Didn't turn out that way. From his earliest puppyhood, Robbie, the deerhound, was a primitive killing machine—a dog with a serious job to do.

With that modern quality of just being kept from a stag-hunting legacy, but force his assertive genes roaring free, a whining black stork, after anything—where animals, where Klemens—that dared to move in his domain.

When I heard that the Scottish deerhound people at Scotland had a coming meet-up on a major every autumn, I had to go. To see the dogs in action, to see them do what they were bred to do—chase game in this case blue hare, much bigger and faster than a plain old rabbit) across the moors. It hasn't been all that long in the British Isles that anybody before the rank of duke was even allowed to own one of these things: deerhounds sight the game, course the game, and make the kill. In other words, they are the perfect poacher's dog.

In addition, the coming meet gave me a reason for being in Europe. There's cur-



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And nothing worse with going to Europe simply to be there, but a journey for its own sake. Not to mention the museums and meals, magnificent and exotic travel fares, with one's acquaintance, treatment to visitors and hotel staff. I was in Scotland as a Dog Person—a tourist under which I had places to go and people to meet, people with whom I shared a great passion. Any pampered dog fancier can do this—visit France on behalf of your standard poodle, see Germany at the behest of your Weimaraner.

The second morning at Stirling, we looked out at the autumn gardens through a whirling cloud of snowflakes. Clearly, Scotland in November was not the place for those little red cars you rent at airports. We drove back to Edinburgh, got rid of the summer car, and rented a dramatic steel-headed Mr. Bolt of Covenanter, a bathroom Land Rover. Car fantasy No. 36 came gloriously to life. The Land Rover was sleek, classy, dainty, and fabulous—it went anywhere, and we lost tourist status instantly. We were stopped in remote Highland villages and asked decisions, banged along the back roads (Scotland is mostly back roads, bless its heart) at 40 mph, then headed off to see that most famous of Scottish deerhound people, Miss Noble of Cananda.

Anastasia Noble is a Scottish deerhound on Bide Ruth is to be hunted. Now a bit seventy, she is all flowing white hair, buttoned riding breeches, old hand-knit sweaters, and boots, and she doesn't casually walk, she stomps. She has spent the last four years breeding deerhounds, and the Ardaghian line is a kind of time from which many other deerhound pedigrees have sprang. Noble's great-grand-grand-grand was an Ardaghian bitch. Miss Noble is an aristocrat, by birth and by education, a lady with a special gift about as big as the doing what she wants and saying what she thinks. It amazes her to be a legend, although, like most legends, she lives it a lot. She is always acting in a legendary way. She lives with fourteen deerhounds in a private park at the head of Loch Fyne by the village of Cananda.

She walks around the house, a ritual tour at which the ceremony rarely varies (one is introduced to each dog by name, a characteristic is often a series of lines or mews—some fairly history is revealed, and, if the visitor knows how to kneel next to the wire wall of the pen, a wet ear is bestowed. We agree to meet in three days' time somewhere on Dava Moss.

NOT, AS IT turns out, a precise description. Kneel and I serve at the most appropriate after midday, after a long drive through mist, fog, rain, snow, and sheep. We find the cars, all right, but no people, no dogs. They are somewhere out there. We proceed to wonder the most, living like pregnant deerhounds out on shore

from a Thomas Hardy village. A moss isn't like anything else. It's mist and mists of heather, which is the right, choppy, purple, hazy stuff, only two feet tall but very pagoda-like—if you step on it, it sort of pushes back. The ground tends to be squaky and wet, with streams running through a pool of black water. The hills are high and steep, folded tightly around cramped valleys—the sort of place where you know that a crash up a severe slope will reward you with a panorama of the countryside, and where you are almost always wrong what you see from the creek is the next crest. It's windy, with violent blue-black skies full of towering clouds that play with the sun. Dark at 2:00 P.M.

We wonder for quite some time, a grassy field up a line yards ahead of us. For somebody who grew up on the West Side of Manhattan, it is a strangely unexpected event to put up a grass on a Scottish moor. Eventually, just about the time we are trying to figure out which out of us is supposed to know where we are, a deerhound peeps over the top of a hill, stares at us for an instant, then plops away down the reverse slope. A mile away, we see the counterpart: seventy-five people walking slowly in a line, all dogs, by seventy-five they dogs. Half are deerhounds, the other half St. Bernards—a forest night heard. The two clubs have held this sort of meeting for twenty-seven years.

Coming works like this: A line of people and dogs moving over the ground starts bars. They are stacked at the time of year, but most will be over the winter. About twenty yards in front of line is a guide, or slipper, who holds two dogs on leads. Each dog wears a knitted wool collar—one white, one red. When a bar is put up (usually by the "Horn up") the slipper waits until the bars get a decent feed and makes sure the dogs are set. Then he signs the leads. Scottish deerhounds are like a lion, like, but mysteriously strong—all work and cords. They bound as they run, often fully extended in the air, and their feet pound the earth. It's the combination of size and speed that's exciting—one look at a whippet and you expect it to fly, but a deerhound is essentially a whippet holding a lead.

The hare has all the moves. Like a great machine football halfback, its cuts and dodges are never photographed, they come out of nowhere, and there is acceleration on every cut. The deerhound must march. Most walk up the down with speed. Most walk and move each side. Most have the heart to maintain the pursuit—certainly have been checked up to live minutes. About half the hares get away—cut-dodge the dogs or scot down holes. The deerhounds do not back in the course, they merely are played out in a rather dramatic fashion.

I Keep Moving

by *Blanche McCrary Boyd*

I like to say I live in South Carolina, but I spend only about half the year there. The rest of the time I'm in Connecticut, Washington, California, New York, Vermont, and so on. A bag for brevier trips—to China, Florida, and Kentucky in the last year—stays packed on the floor of my closet. My life is organized into cardboard boxes. The kids at UPS know me. I don't exactly travel. I just seem to keep moving.

Each new location causes a tug-of-war. I should stay and shift internally and externally. I crush my loneliness, tap my feet, kiss my porch, call my agent, call my mother, change my values. I'm grateful but rebellious. Like an archaeologist, I take up contrasting coloration. When I am in South Carolina I become an intellectual, but in the North it's essential for me to watch several hours of television a day. In California I get mentally wound up and worried about the meaning of life; in China I was distressed with sex. In Louisville I avoided the mountains and went to church. In each new place I feel the clarity that comes with risk.

The first time I left my home in South Carolina for the outer world I was seventeen. With two college friends I went North to Harvard Summer School. No one I or my family knew had gone near Harvard. My cousin thought I had become a Communist, and my mother said that the Boston Strangler would kill me. I was sophisticated enough to know that the Red menace was in the Soviet Union, the Russian Strangler imprisoned a more immediate problem. I weighed my choices carefully. There had to be tens of thousands of young women living in Boston, and the stranger had killed only thirteen. Or was it thirty-one? In any case, the odds seemed livable. But as Black Day, when I lived that summer, I never went out alone after dark. I lived all starways big umbrellas, and my apartment floor looked as if in sleep of death.

At the end of the summer I was disappointed. No one had even tried to kill me. Boston wasn't so different from home. I gave up the notion of danger sexuality. When I got back to Charleston I told my mother that I had found a human arm wrapped in red tinsel in the apartment I had rented. This apartment, I imagined, had been empty for several months. The left arm had belonged to a whole female and didn't smell much unless you unwrapped it, a mistake I had unfortunately made. The police, when they arrived,

were kindly and ironic. They shook both my arms and made jokes. Later, when I learned my mother that this story was made up, she said I was making it up that the story was made up. No one would trust such a story. I began to feel I had a future.

I'm thirty-one now, and I keep moving because I have to. If I stay in one place too long I tend to go native and lose my contrasting coloration. I blur. I blend. I fit in. Last year I spent six consecutive months in Charleston, and one night my sister and I discussed her husband's acne. She likes the acne on his back and once her long fragments to punch open the pores. With white she described the large, bubble pimples that curve, turn, and under the skin

and have two heads. I did not find this conversation repellent or even funny, so I knew it was time to leave.

Two summers ago I went to China with a group of American women writers. We had many meetings with Chinese women writers and, among ourselves, often talked politics. I developed an obsession from the right feminist line and took up shopping. I had never liked shopping before. I knew my mother would be proud. Each night I lay on my hotel bed surrounded by purchases. This magic circle protected me from questions like *Does Jane Updike have a politics?* and *Is the personal still political?*

The language gap with the Chinese seemed comfortably unresolvable. During our first meeting in Peking the man who welcomed us said, "We know you have come here in pursuit of peace." Later, in describing the popularity of *The Winds of May*, he said, "It said his hot dogs." I lost interest in writing. I lost interest in talking. I bought two large brass gongs. But the hours we spent listening to poetry and fiction became oddly touching. English began to sound as peculiar as Chinese. I realized that language is just another way to cross your mouth.

What interests me most when I travel is periphery. Fifteen years ago, when I was still named and trying to bury my rebelliousness by bleeding into California, my husband took me on a "blind-date." He wrapped a scarf around my eyes and led me through a tiny patch of the Straits. This exercise was supposed to heighten my sensitivity to environment. What I remember best was the smell of chocolate on his hands.

On the road I usually lose what Californians



Travel is a door through the imagination. That's why I carry better-to-bike photographs.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JENNIFER HARRIS

stray trainers call out names; my eyes are indirectly focused, and I don't seem to be looking at anything. When I spent several months in Washington, a friend who was full of self-improvement projects dragged me to the Smithsonian Museum. We walked rapidly through the building, then sat outside eating bags of stale cheese-diverted popcorn. "You're going to go to the museum with," my friend said. "You don't like to look at anything other." But I still recall the pale painted track where we bought the popcorn and cups of instant coffee, and the man who sold us the coffee had green eyes and a round scar on his forehead the rest of a dime.

In China the sensory input was overwhelming. My attention to things Chinese wandered, staggered, and collapsed. After the first week, my notes were almost entirely about other Americans. Two of our groups became humorless, their wit transformed into bad jokes, behaving like a high school class; two others meditated visibly, one dozed outside, another sang lovely Irish ballads and talked obsessively about her boyfriend. Our closest men her cried almost every day. I joined the bad jokes, chopped, and thought a lot about sex.

The Chinese atmosphere in Vietnam. I saw only one sexual moment. We were riding on a bus through Hanoi. All day we'd been at the Great Wall, and I had purchased some T-shirts that said a CLIMBED THE GREAT WALL in Chinese. It was cozy inside the bus, dark outside. On a corner I saw a man sitting on a bench, knees apart. Between his legs stood a woman with her pelvis thrust sharply forward. The man had his hands on her legs. In such a repressed culture, this was obscene sex electrifying.

Sex is taboos when it is forbidden, an uncomfortable and adulterous issue. So it was delicious to dwell on desire in China. For the last week I stayed in an exotic daylamps, took long walks in the hot tropical rain of Genoa, hired a masseuse in the bar lobby to give me face and neck massages that turned the geography of my skull into exotic landscapes, my nerves into delicately drawn maps. Sometimes I learned that the second energy I was accumulating would flow from me to a stranger, an option that seemed safer than service. I drifted happily in my interior China and never wanted to wake back up.

Back in Vermont I spent about a month at the Writing Workshops at Bennington College in Vermont, where I teach penmanship and fiction writing. Journalists for me is voyeuristic, an opportunity to travel alongside another's experience. To write fiction, I must turn my personality like a prism until another personality actually passes through. This traveling of the identity can

be confusing. I spend years talking to a friend about it. Now I think that what distinguishes storytelling from schizophrenia is form and point of view. The storyteller imposes a beginning, middle, and end, and by doing so introduces an angle of vision different from that of any of the characters in the story. One of my professors, now a storyteller, has been that I am so easily overwhelmed, both by character and by ornament. And that is why I must keep writing.

In Louisville I spent five days with a girl waiting to be "colored" in the cemetery in a fundamentalist church. I was on my knees, and because I knew I would not stay in her world, I was able to yell to it. Like a nudist actor I tried to have with her experience, her feelings, her vision. One night I even spoke in tongues. But I wrote the Louisville story in Connecticut, instead of in South Carolina. I need distance. I move to keep my balance.

Travel is about more than places. It is a door through the imagination. That's why I never bother to take photographs. They always look flat and wrong. The images I glean from going to Louisville can later

be torn into a story about an Indian guru, China can become the backdrop for a Gothic novel who has reached out as a foreign presence, the Vermont of my mind is the house of an adolescent Pagan break. The storyteller in me is like a child playing paper dolls: I cut what I see and paste it into new patterns.

Every journey has an end, and every story has a beginning and an end. For the writer, an ending may be arbitrarily imposed, a trick that does with memory, or as natural as ending and ending. The story ends in New York City.

I had been staying for several months in Connecticut. One afternoon I took the train to New York, not because I had business there, but because I wanted to concentrate. I sat by the window, and while the chilly landscape blurred by, I got quiet inside. As my journey ended, I felt my soul, slowly returning, and so I stayed.

In New York I went to a place called Tranquility Towers and floated in a sensory deprivation tank. Since New York can be viewed as a neutral sensory center, the horizon seemed appropriate.

The flotation tank was white and egg-shaped. I snuggled, shivered, put cotton in my ears, closed my eyes, and closed the lid. At first I had trouble getting comfortable. The only sound was my breathing, and bubbles kept coming out of my ears. Soon my mind was very busy. I transcended movement and became a witness, constant witness without inner know. Stars flew like sparks. I went a long, long way.

BARBARA MCMAURY DAVIS is a novelist, essayist, and teacher

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Sidney Sheldon. Seriously.

Ten epiphanies on America's best seller

by James Kaplan

1. FUN! LET ME JUST SAY THAT I LIKE THE PEOPLE AT ESQUIRE AND THEY LIKE ME, AND WHEN THEY SAID, "WE'D LIKE YOU TO WRITE ABOUT THE NEWEST SHEDDY SHELDON—IT'S A PUN!"

WHEN THEY SAID THAT, I THOUGHT, WELL, I LOVE FUN. THAT'S THE KIND OF GUY I AM. I DON'T LOOK DOWN MY NOSE AT A GOOD TIME. BUT THEN AGAIN, WHAT IF THEY WERE WRONG? WHAT IF IT WASN'T FUN? I had never read a Sidney Sheldon. "How long is it?" I asked the Esquire people, a brain surgeon.

"About four hundred pages," they said.

"Oh," I said.

"But my large print," they said.

"Oh," I said.

"Fun?" they said.

2. What? Me?

On a bright and shiny Monday morning, a bright and shiny copy of *If Tomorrow Comes* (William Morrow, \$17.95) arrived. The cover was red. Sidney Sheldon's name appeared, in very large white type, above the title. Above.

Oh, my God, I thought. Oh, my God. What if I hate this book? What if I like it?

Let us look at the first alternative. If my reaction was the predictable one, what on earth would I do? Think about it, me, a card-carrying Young New York Writer, with a subscription to *The New York Review of Books*—a person who reads *The Catcher in the Rye*—me, saying a bad word about Sidney Sheldon? Not on your life, pal. I mean, how would it look? You know exactly how it would look. It would look ugly. It would look evasive. It would look cheap.

Yet, what if I were to take the other side? Call him a great storyteller, along the lines of, say, a Victor Hugo? Misunderstood, he has been, ridiculed by hucksters? What would you think of that?

You would think I was playing devil's advocate, making the weaker argument the stronger, pulling a double switch to try to look cool. You wouldn't believe me for a second.

I was in big trouble no matter how you looked at it.

Unless—but there would be no "unless" unless I got to work.

3. Sidney Sheldon—the man.

I like to take a lapidary look at the dust-jacket photo before I begin reading a book, just to know whom I'm going to be dealing

with. If there's no photo, of course that's revealing in itself. But if there is one, it's really telling. First, it shows that the author wants to be seen; second, it shows that the author wants to be seen, and third, it gives some idea of how he/she looks. Number three, naturally, depends very much on number two.

But with the photo of Sidney Sheldon on the jacket of *If Tomorrow Comes*, I was immediately in trouble. Revealing it wasn't—sheer shot, spread eagerness, smiling, a rather small, roundish face, smiling with the top of a very expensive-looking set of teeth crowded into a remarkably tiny mouth. Small, wide-set, smiling but black eyes, behind glasses with thick black frames. A high forehead, topped by a neat head of unexceptionally clean, fair, white hair. A three-figure haircut. A pleasant face, but really, Frederick

Barthel's not too far off for that haircut, as a matter of fact, this could be a high school teacher. This could be the owner of a hardware store. This could be—Sidney Sheldon, D.D.S.?

4. The names a snob-station.

Even the name, Sidney Sheldon, struck me as odd. What's real? It had an anachronistic, by-doubt-historical sound to it, a strangely equal yodel—like a pseudonym, or a train I once saw that consisted simply of two locomotives back to back.

5. The book.

There was no getting around this part: I read *If Tomorrow Comes*. Four hundred sixteen pages, to be exact. It took me a little under five hours. Did I enjoy it? I was moving too fast to know. This book brought me new meaning to the term page-turner. My fingers were practically burning. To give you an idea of my accelerated reading speed: if I can finish a small to-

medium novel in a week, that's fine. Sometimes that's a good statement if it's put like that. I usually read a novel like *The Ambassadors* in a week, too—well, forget *The Ambassadors*.

6. The plot.

Tracy Whitney, a pretty computer expert at a Philadelphia bank, is lured, by circumstances beyond her control, into committing a crime. Not such a bad crime, in the general scheme, but one thing leads to another, and she winds up in an escape-proof prison. She saves the world's daughter from drowning and is rewarded, but because no one on the outside will give her a decent job, she turns into a jewel thief. It becomes karmic. About halfway through the book she meets handsome fellow thief and con artist Ted Stevens, and they escape his running crime deal across the playgrounds of Europe. Meanwhile,

Tracy is being sought by an implacable, genius detective. Does the detective catch Tracy? Do Tracy and Ted get together? Does the American Rapscallion kill ever come? I may be guilty of plenty of things, but one thing I never do is give away endings. To everything, You never know whose fan you might be spelling.

Once, when I was just starting *Awake in the Forest* for the first time, a former friend of mine, in a packet mood, said: "She dies, James. She jumps under a train." And I really hadn't known until that moment. I hadn't even seen the movie. If it's interesting, if it's comic, that you've read the book.

7. The text.

My verdict? Are you ready for this? Sheldon is the most derivative prose stylist since Ring Lardner, with clear links to the nearly infinite rhythms of that most derivative note especially the last absurd play, such as *Catch 22*—The



ILLUSTRATION BY MARGARET

Inside Moves

THE BUSINESS OF SHOW BUSINESS

WHY STREISAND STRUCK OUT

BABARA STREISAND WENT out of her way to please everyone with her latest album, *Emotion*. She called in elite producers, wrote a song with John Cougar Mellencamp, threw in a couple of celebrity ballads for her "Princess" fans, wrapped it up in a scintillating cover, and had it out in plenty of time for the holiday rush. CBS was so sure of the album that it even picked up the price. But the label—and the singer—were in for a shock. *Emotion* turned out to be Streisand's lowest-charting album in fifteen years.

What happened? Well, part of the problem was timing. The early life of *Emotion* happened on the first single, "Lovers in the Dark," produced by Jim Steinhardt. When "Dark" was being recorded, Streisand just got come off a number-one record, the typically thunderous "Total Eclipse of the Heart," by Bonnie Tyler. But by the time Streisand's very similar single was released, pop radio had cooled to Steinhardt's balladry, and "Lovers in the Dark" played at an unimpressive fifty on the charts.

Then came the "Dark" video—or rather, then it didn't come. The clip, aptly titled *Emotion* by Jonathan Demme and featuring Kim Cattrall (who's still added to the MTV checklist until late October—nearly two months after the single was released). Normally, this wouldn't have been a problem. Everyone expected the single to be a smash, and Streisand's screen presence should have just boosted it higher. But when the clip finally premiered, the single had already stalled.

Streisand was left with one last hope—that a blockbuster second single would reverse the entire album. The natural choice for a comeback seemed to be the album's title cut, produced by Richard Perry and featuring backup vocals from his current platinum mine, the Pointer Sisters. But instead CBS chose to release "Moon Is Moving," the album's down-tempo, stony-sounding track between Streisand and Kim Carnes, who was last three years ago

with "Bette Davis Eyes." The single floundered, and the album perked at meekness on the charts—Streisand's worst performance since 1980.

Where does Streisand go from here? She's been known to bounce back before, but will the pop market reward more and

less about \$4 million a picture. Dolly Parton, surprisingly, receives something close to that. Diane Warren, Nancy Sinatra, and Debra Winger reportedly ran between \$2 and \$3 million, an astounding order. Despite recent setbacks, Richard Gere is still getting about \$1.5 million, and none of the highly touted young stars (Sean Penn, Tom Cruise, Kevin Spacey, Michael McGovern, Matt Dillon) have reached beyond the million-dollar mark yet. As for America's biggest star—Clay Aiken—there's no price on his head. His producers run their firm and take his money from the profit. Lots of profit.

ELECTRIC DREAMS

EVERYONE AGREES about the quality of the Cere 1100, 100-pot video "You Might Think"—it was video of the Year award at MTV's award show. At Billboard's annual video bash and at the International Video Music Festival in Saint-Tropez. Now the question is, Who made it? Director Jeff Stem angrily got the



Richard Steinmetz

David Beron

more toward lawyers. A multi-licensing deal for the jump-two-year-old singer is this again. But there are worse things. She's still got her movie career, and that pays well enough.

WHAT STARS COST

A FEW MONTHS ago we reported that Sylvester Stallone received at least \$12 million for his appearance in the upcoming *Over the Top*. If that sounds incredible, that's because it is—no one has Menendez (Golan and Yoram Globin would turn over that kind of money. But it is not uncommon what some of Sly's colleagues are worth these days. Here's what we found:

According to our sources, Dustin Hoffman, Warren Beatty, and Robert Redford get \$5 million each. Barbra Streisand takes home about \$3 million. Eddie Murphy's deal with Paramount nets

about \$4 million a picture. Dolly Parton, surprisingly, receives something close to that. Diane Warren, Nancy Sinatra, and Debra Winger reportedly ran between \$2 and \$3 million, an astounding order. Despite recent setbacks, Richard Gere is still getting about \$1.5 million, and none of the highly touted young stars (Sean Penn, Tom Cruise, Kevin Spacey, Michael McGovern, Matt Dillon) have reached beyond the million-dollar mark yet. As for America's biggest star—Clay Aiken—there's no price on his head. His producers run their firm and take his money from the profit. Lots of profit.

Now the question is, Who made it? Director Jeff Stem angrily got the

Two years ago, an average video cost \$20,000 to \$40,000, which meant directors took home \$3,000 to \$4,000. Now they cost between \$50,000 and \$100,000—in some cases that translates into a 100-percent increase for directors. Now, that still may not seem like much compared to what film directors paid down, but consider this: most video directors are young—in their late twenties or thirties—and other kinds of film school or off-Midtown Avenue. Some, like former editor Martin Kahan, make up to twenty-five videos a year.

Of course, nobody considers video a permanent job. What all music-video directors really want to do is make movies. That, in spite of the hype, video-wise and youth market, none of them have been too successful in making the jump. Steve Buscemi, twenty-one, who directed Michael Jackson's "Billie Jean" video, made last fall's top *Billboard* *Video* (which, ironically, has a great sound track). Mark Romanek—do nothing video-wise, who directed videos for Trent Turner and



Martin Scorsese

performed by Bruce, North Richards, and the *Wink* by David Byrne. It's called *Abstract Expression*.

WHO KILLED PD?

It's 8:30 PM, 10/17. I am to be a part of something that's guaranteed to succeed. Morgan Fairchild said it so: *Recess* on *Paper Dolls*, but by the time she glanced down her apple tree, the highly touted series had already been canceled. Managers of the ABC nighttime soap (which was set in the *Barbie* world) were amazed—why, in this age of *Dallas* and *Dynasty*, had America rejected such truly trashy? ABC executives aren't particularly anxious to continue the reasons for the show's failure. "We wouldn't have put it on the air if we didn't believe it would do very well," offers a lone network spokesman. But other fans are more forthcoming. "They thought out everything I like," explains columnist Len Smith. Well, conspiracy theories are always nice. But Smith also suggests that PD may have



Morgan Fairchild

been "much too knowing, campy, and 'naïve' for its own good. People like their morality more strongly."

One top TV critic feels that the show's main problem was the host of network executives too quick to pull the plug. "Any show based on themselves isn't sure to develop an audience." But with a typical ratings (the November 21 episode placed twenty-seventh in a field of sixty-eight) and in expensive cost (including Fairchild, Lloyd Bridges, Brenda Vaccaro, and, lately, Lissette Harlow, PD apparently couldn't afford to buy that time.

Other possible contributing factors: ● Not enough sales. "There was too much product," suggests *People* critic and PD evangelist Jeff Jarvis. "But that could have been fixed. We're not talking about *Hawaii Five-O* here." ● Not enough fanfare. Some observers feel that audiences got enough of work at work.

● The age factor. As Jarvis puts it, "Maybe audiences just aren't interested in the problems of sixteen-year-old girls." ● The election. Being preempted may have broken the series' audience routine. ● The competition. NBC's Tuesday night lineup included the co-tenet punch of *Ripley* and *Remington Steele*. ● Location. Audiences don't love New York, in TV terms, the Big Apple may simply not have the appeal of Texas, Kansas, or Maryland. Finally, of course, every network must deal with its in-house war. As *Andy Weir* said when we related him of the series' demise: "It was my favorite show. I was really into it. I could cry. I guess *Paper Dolls* was just too good for television."

SCORSESE ON SALE

HOW CAN HE SELL SO CHEAP? Now that's a project worthy of director Martin Scorsese's talent and status. But the movie, *The Last Temptation of Christ*, was shelved indefinitely by Paramount last winter, after more than a year of preproduction and a \$2-million investment. Now Scorsese's talent is in a similar fix, the \$3.5-million low-grade *Back After Hours*, scheduled to open later this year. It's been many years since Scorsese's last film, *The King of Comedy*, but (and missed) the box office and the one sold top too many for the director. First, a Scorsese-Scorsese collaboration on *Little Shop of Horrors* failed to come together (The film is now moving ahead with Frank Oz at the helm.) Then Scorsese's pet project, *Gladiator*, was bogged down with casting and budget disputes, not to mention a storm of protest against the script's content.

That's when the distributor director could what might appear to have been a peculiar career move: he headed up with the fledgling production team of Amy Robinson and Griffin Dunne (*It's a Wonderful Life*). According to industry observers, the director's choice of Robinson and Dunne (budget success might be the only way to counter the notion that he's in the business of making critically acclaimed fiascos. Let's say, who is behind *Back* as well, was willing to gamble on this one—a film about Scorsese's life as a director who carries a great deal of debt. Production ran over every night in nine weeks, and one crew member called it a "nightmare operation." It might not have been Christ, but two months in low-budget purgatory was total price to pay for a possible (and well-deserved) mainstream success. Suggested by: Rich Horvitz, Andrew Natanians, Jeffrey French, and David Wolf

The Reviewer

AN ECLECTIC GUIDE TO THE LIVELIER ARTS

CLIP AND SAVE

Five-Minute Oscars

Benson Pinchof's five-minute performance as Sergei, the ethnically confused intelligibility assistant in *Ninety-Five Cents*, won him more coverage than the leads at recent OSCARs. But you won't see his name on any movie's Oscar list—the Academy doesn't know what to do with quickie roles. To keep this year's screen prize from slipping through the Academy's cracks, we present the Eugene O'Neill for excellence in one-minute roles.



All of Mr. Richard Labadie's a stand-up medium who simply can't tell the difference between a tele-

phone and a toilet bowl. From Mr. Dick Rock, whose death scene lasts longer than most people's lives.



Stronger than Paradise's Carolee Burke. I am the victim," said Aunt Luze, with a picture full of great performances, she was



Grayson's Miss Burke for her compelling personal melodrama—a fairy Shirley MacLaine to Christopher

Lambert's Debra Winger.

The Flamingo Girl's Peter Costa, who, playing himself in a letter everyone, never says a word but steals the picture with only



The *Smoker from Another Planet's* John Seneca's a low-budget *Starman* with a high-budget shock.

Shoreline's La Lacerant, a sterling performance as good as her costar's performance in *Mean and Meanie*—

of a blacktopp waitress with a heart of gold.

This *Q-Spread* Tally's Peter Deschner, as the group's PR leader, also does a *JAP* stand-up that makes John Rivers look like a *WASP*.

LIBERATED LIBRARY

Meet the Presses

Contrary to popular opinion, America's literary life hasn't been killed off by Robert Ludlum's thrillers or drowned in a flood of Garfield books. It's living—and living well—in the small presses, where little-known authors are publishing high-quality fiction. In fact, they're so plentiful, one hardly knows where to look. Here are a few we think are especially noteworthy:

Wanderer Press. Stated-of-the-art mythological. In *New American Poets of the '80s*, sixty-five poets have chosen seven to twelve pages of their best work. *Masters of Life and Death*, edited by Tobias Wolff, anthologizes the best stories of recent years, and the new *Adrian's Choice* is a collection of literary fiction from eighteen magazine editors. Box 512, Green Harbor, Massachusetts 02041.

Ground Press. Storylines in part-to-the-home genre like *Edna O'Brien's A Pagan Place* and *William S. Burroughs's The New York Times*. Box 142, Port Townsend, Washington 98068.

Caper Press. Solid fiction with a great gimmick: back-to-back books from books, two authors, one volume—see actually flip a cover by writers such as Anita Loos and Ursula K. LeGuin. P.O. Box 2096, Santa Barbara, California 93103.

The Five Press. Their strongest line, *Neglected Books of the Twentieth Century*, rescues an eclectic group of sophisticated writers—like Garcia, McCarthy and Jane Bowles—from the maelstrom of English literature. 10 West Thirtieth Street, New York, New York 10001.

But the crown of the crown of the small presses, pick up a copy at The *Blackboard Press* Press. *Anthology*. It honors fifty-three presses annually, selecting stories from over four thousand submissions. P.O. Box 386, Waukegan, New York 11975.

GREAT IDEA



Sting's Bride

Reuniting *Bride of Frankenstein* is silly enough on its face to be creepy, stupid enough to be brilliant. If the sexual politics of the last fifty years have done nothing else, they have added new resonance to this anti-civilized-monsterwoman parable. Sting plays the doctor; *Flashdance* star Jennifer Beals is the beautiful bride. Do we smell a hit here? A crossover, perhaps?

NOTED

Stylish Jackets

Whoever said "don't judge a book by its cover" didn't know much about marketing or art. These gauzy jackets are so beautiful, almost doesn't matter what's inside.



Access, design by Keith Stedman



A Stick Lizard, design by Nancy McGaughey



Vintage, design by Huguette



Vintage Contemporary, design

A FAN'S LAMENT

George Lucas was deserved clout with *American Graffiti* and *Star Wars*, then started a long, cross slide. Even when he produced for a major talent like Spielberg, he didn't produce—the *Indiana* movies may have been blockbusters, but they were hardly Spielberg's best. Now, as *Adrian of the Ark*, the throne of the Trilogy, returns home to American roads, Lucas is treating

up with Nipetester Jim Henson and his agent to do two animated children's series. An unhappy waste of power and talent, to be sure, but mitigated by one encouraging note—just he's helping produce the gay *Laurel*, Richard Wender's movie about *Norwegian*. George, here's hoping the Force is once again with you.

Q



Amy Madigan of *Alamo Bay*

"I wanted to be a boy when I was young because boys got to do all the good stuff. So I became very competitive and aggressive at a young age. I wanted to be an actor boy so badly. I knew all the movies and the Latin responses and it was like, 'You don't understand. I want to be the priest.' They wouldn't let me, but I still decided to be the really good-looking boy stuff. Now in Hollywood there are all these cute young white boys who've got it made. Some-

times I still wish I was a cute young white boy. 'As it is, I don't get called for the worst parts. In *Places of the Heart* I got to wear dresses and that was remarkable. 'You have legs, they kept saying. And I'd go, 'Yes, I kept telling you I did. 'For ten years I was a singer. I was in a million bands with no action. The music business is rougher than the movie business, is it? In film you get noticed in a small role, even in a movie that bombs. But in records

you better have that hit or else it's 'See you later.' 'I'm not a great singer. But I'm a real good performer and I must perform. It's a real rush and then I'm gone. In concert I've had people throw stuff at me and yell, 'You ROCK!' And you just have to stay cool, it's the greatest. All I did for two years was play live. I played clubs, jams, parties. After doing the music thing I feel like—'A-!'. This movie stuff's cool."

—Lynn Hirschberg

FOR THE RECORD



PHILIP BAILEY *Chorus* (Polygram). The high-flying, voice-acted *Earth, Wind & Fire's* post-construction ballads have gone for a hard-rock sound on his solo album. This one makes plans that other singers don't have.



BARRY GIBB *How Deep Is Your Love* (A&M). The Bee Gees make love to a *Porter* 500 record. On his solo debut, lead Bee Barry has more come up with a couple of songs that have a little bit of soul.



SIDNEY ROBINSON *Four Minutes* (Epic). From "You Baby Baby" to his latest effort, his talent is confidence-infused. Robinson's often considered the ultimate high-gloss love man.



DAVID LAIB *Laib* (Epic). This is a new man who wants to be a rock star. He's a black man, especially when he gets going on his two-one-one such as "It's a Girl."



THE STYLIZED FIVE *Three Times* (Mercury). Lead singer Guy Brown. The group is a black man, especially when he gets going on his two-one-one such as "It's a Girl."

Top Falsettos

Openings/THE KIDS

Bobby G



Painted, 1987. Oil and aluminum on canvas, 20" x 20".



"These kids are a living history of the area and of what art can do."

Bobby G says his kids are just what they seem to be. Are they mere subjects from the landscape? He prefers their meaning to come from the viewer. His paintings vibrantly document the children outside his Lower East Side studio in New York. Although his style cries of pathos, innocence, and strength, Bobby G says he can't help it. But maybe these neighborhood kids come alive. His works are on view at the Semaphore Gallery, New York City. —Paul Bob

& ART

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"tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Mar. '94.



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